

"WE BLESS THY HOLY NAME FOR ALL THY SERVANTS
DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN THY FAITH AND FEAR,

Especially

WILLIAM, BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR

AND

MARY, HIS WIFE"

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Bishop Stephen Bayne

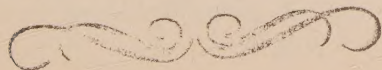
E. H. Maynard.
with "Sara's" love.

I have received May 1913 -
Tacoma. Wash.

"Some of the most beautiful
things are learned otherwise -
by hazard, in the Way of Pain,
or at the Gate of Sorrow -"
Fiona Macleod -



From the bookshelves of
Stephen Fielding Bayne, Jr.



We Bless Thy Holy Name for All Thy
Servants Departed This Life in Thy
Faith and Fear, Especially William,
Bishop of Gibraltar, and Mary His
Wife. Longmans, Green & Co. New
York. 60 cents net.

Such is the unique title of a book, singularly remarkable for the fascinating charm of it, largely due to its naive unreticence, for the sad kindly voice coming out of it telling the story as one dear friend would tell another of the illness and last days on earth of one best beloved and unspeakably valued. "William" is the last Bishop Collins of Gibraltar, whose life was written not long ago by Canon Mason. But no biography that we can remember is in any way like this, it is as much outside of definition as it is beyond criticism. In the first instance it was printed for "Private Circulation," only 500 copies printed for the "people of the Gibraltar Diocese who knew and loved their Bishop." Two months afterwards came a second edition of 2000 copies and after only another two months a further one of 4000. The demand for it grew so great even though it was not intended for general circulation, that in February of this year the writer conceded "It is now felt to be right to let it be published." So it was transferred to Messrs. Longmans and Green in February of this year. The present writer obtained a copy some time before this. One feels that it is not a book to be dealt with as if for review, that it would be something in the nature of a desecration to treat it in the ordinary fashion. The bare fact that it has been so widely sought for is witness enough to its nameless charm. Even if Bishop Collins had been a much less notable man than he was the book would hold its interest, for one reason because it is so thoroughly human, and for another because it is the story of an intensely spiritual, manly man, who dragged a suffering body on and on to the very last. It's a hard world—but there are lots of people in it still who have grace enough to reverence goodness when they see it and to read an example of it when it comes in such a form as this, undefiled by maudlin sentiment.

*H.H. in Pacific Churchman
Sept. 1913.*

Especially
William, Bishop of Gibraltar
AND
Mary, His Wife



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WILLIAM EDWARD COLLINS,
BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR,
1904-1911.

“We bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants
departed this life in Thy Faith and Fear,

Epecially

William, Bishop of Gibraltar

AND

Mary, His Wife”

THIRD EDITION, 1912

REISSUE

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First Edition, Sept., 1911 - - - 500 copies.
Second Edition, Nov., 1911 - - - 2000 copies.
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Publication transferred to Messrs. Longmans,
Green, & Co., March, 1913.

L. H. Maynard.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS small volume was originally limited to private circulation and only intended for the people of the Gibraltar Diocese who knew and loved their Bishop.

Owing to the continued demand, it is now felt to be right to let it be published.

The profits on the private sale of 4000 copies, and also the profits on the volume of the Bishop's sermons entitled "Hours of Insight" have been devoted to paying the College fees of a candidate for Holy Orders, for whom the Bishop had wished to provide.

L. B. B.

February 22, 1913.

“*Especially* William, Bishop of
Gibraltar, and Mary, his Wife.”

CHAPTER I.

WHEN a rich man becomes the proud possessor of a wonderful portrait, it sometimes happens that he feels he cannot keep it for himself. More people should have the joy of looking at it than just his own family and friends ; it should hang in a fuller light than his own rooms give ; and though there must be many other revelations of the same master, it may be their owners will only the more gladly welcome a sight of this last picture.

Yes, the treasure must go to a gallery ; it is far too precious to be kept back.

Even so, I feel I should try to give others the chance of sharing in my dear possession, my close friendship with the Bishop of Gibraltar during the last years of his wonderful earthly life.

Before I begin to put down my crowding memories—and I want to do this now, at once, while our Moorish Castle garden is still stately with the ranks of the tall white arum lilies he watched unfold—I would

say that I had no more claim to expect the friendship of our Bishop than the woman at a well had a claim, long ago, to special speech with the Greatest Friend of the world. But the great things don't always come by claim, and it has been given to yet another to know "God's gifts put men's best dreams to shame".

I first saw Bishop Collins at my second daughter's Confirmation at Gibraltar on 27 January, 1907. The cathedral was packed with people, and as the procession of clergy and choir passed into the chancel I first saw the wonderful face with its mingled look of exaltation and utter submission, which was to grow so unspeakably dear to us. As the service went on I was greatly struck by the Bishop's method of addressing each candidate by name—there was a great number, and the Bishop looked very ill, but his whole force seemed to go into each question. "Dolores Mary," the grave tender voice carried right through the cathedral—then, with lingering intonation, "*Do you?*" Dolores, being semi-Spanish and much be-flounced with white lace and many satin ribbons, had possibly had some distractions from the solemnity of what she was about to promise; but one felt, with a sudden thrill, that the little soul for which One died in Galilee long ago would be drawn out by that voice then, and could never quite sink down again. The warm Southern sun poured through the windows, the big congregation—rather mixed and restless as is usual in a foreign city, where a religious ceremony is also a spectacle to be discussed—became very quiet; that nameless thrill

which some organ stops give, and which I began to realise lived in the Bishop's voice, flowed down through the crowd. It was the men's turn now, and the chaplains began to present a rank who were almost all in the King's uniform, soldiers or sailors; a lusty gunner stood out, "John Frederick," then a slight pause, just enough to make John Frederick know that he was a personality by himself, not just a gunner of No. 6 Company, but a separate precious baptized member of his Master. "*Do you?*" Yes, John Frederick had a lot of uphill behind him and steep work in front, but he could answer to the tender gravity of that voice which clearly understood all about his difficulties, and so he could give quite a firm "I do," and show that yes, he, John Frederick, certainly *did*. During the charge the Bishop told one of his favourite stories, of the Indian who composed a hymn which simply contained the lines: "Go on. Go on. Go on," repeated over and over again—"not a hymn suited for congregational singing, but yet the very secret of the Christian life". I can hear his voice now as he repeated it again: "*Go on, go on, don't give up*".

A year later, when the Bishop came to Gibraltar again, I was in better health and able to accept the Government House invitation to meet him at dinner—but the person who entirely seized my imagination that evening was his wife; we became extraordinarily intimate in quite a few minutes, and she told me how frightfully tired the incessant travelling made her, and the crowds of fresh people at every place.

"We can never go to a quiet inn and rest, it is

always receptions to meet the Bishop and crowds of people waiting to see him everywhere, and I can't spare him any of it ; they want *him* and I can't see them instead. When we married I thought I could save him from being killed with the life—but I can scarcely help him at all."

And she looked across at the Bishop's frail figure hemmed in by a little crowd of people waiting to get a word with him—I never saw a more pathetic look. I began to tell her some funny stories of people we had both known at home—to make her laugh, and presently she said : " Oh the Bishop *will* like that story, do come and I'll get him to talk to you—why—you do not even know him yet ". When I told her I would much sooner talk to her, she couldn't believe it. We met several times after that and they came up to tea with us ; and then, while the Bishop had to go off somewhere else, she stayed late, and we began to be friends, and to tell each other thoughts and sorrows we had not dreamt of letting other people know. Sunday came and the Bishop had gone on to Tangier, but Mrs. Collins remained here, and so she spent the day with me and it was really that day that decided our friendship.

Hers was such a touching story, she did so utterly, almost desperately, love her husband, and his heavy work and endless journeys were so obviously exhausting him, and it was breaking her great heart that she could not save him, and also was only able by immense effort to keep going herself. For she had begun to have piercing headaches and the first hour of boat or train always brought on physical discomfort.

I was so profoundly attracted by her I could not bear to let her go, so, in pouring rain, I walked down the hill with her back to Government House in the evening.

I remember so well when I said something of what a marvellous marriage theirs must be—both so utterly devoted in the great work of their lives and to each other—how she stopped short, in the middle of the storm, and said with a sincerity of emphasis which preached a whole Gospel, “Yes—but *no* marriage—*no* earthly love *can* satisfy—one must have *Him*, JESUS. Oh! I could not go on living without Him—though it’s often only just saying His name to myself over and over again.” Now, doesn’t that sound a simple thing?—one had heard and read words very like it a hundred times before. But when Mary Collins stood still in the rain and said it, the crowded narrow streets of Gibraltar seemed to fade away, the years fell back; it could have been said as it was in Galilee—“When they looked up they saw no man save Jesus only”.

I know she sent me home speechless and it was more than rain that splashed my face as I climbed the Castle hill.

When the Bishop came the next winter, I had hoped Mrs. Collins would stay and rest with me, for we had corresponded, and I felt she could be at home with us, but she had begun to be ill—and he came alone.

I meant to go and hear the Bishop every time he preached and he had asked me to do a little work for him and bring it to him each morning in his study at Government House; but my tiny baby began measles

about the sixth day of his visit, and so she and I went into quarantine in the nursery, and I sorrowfully sent a note to the Bishop to tell him I could not hope to have any more of the joy of him, but should just go on trying to digest what he had taught me already.

But that evening when baby was asleep and the ex-baby and I were sitting in the firelight, the door suddenly opened and in came the Bishop, not at all daunted by a little thing like measles. We put him in a low arm-chair and Judith snuggled herself down in his arms—no one I have ever known loved children quite like the Bishop—and she continued to read aloud the “Water Babies”. “But I thought Muddis was reading to you?” “Oh no,” said Judith, “*I* read to her, and now I’ll read to *you*”; and so she did, with such pronunciation of the long words as, in a lady of five, might be expected.

It seemed to amuse and rest him, and so I let her go on. Presently nurse came, and with a blessing and many kisses it was bedtime; but the Bishop held her a moment longer. “Judith, when you say your prayers, will you pray for me?”

A very serious fat face contemplated him before answering. “Well, Bishop, dear, I *might* put you in, after nurse and baby; I couldn’t put you in before.” “That will do beautifully, darling”; and so a great compact was made, never since broken.

We sat very silently in the fading light after that; one could be quite silent with the Bishop and yet be learning all the time.

We talked about his Mary and his anxiety for her,

and the doctors fancying her illness largely nerves—and how with her strong will and wonderful self-control this seemed so strange: utterly impossible, I thought; and I showed him her marking in my “Ring and the Book” of the lines: “Work—Be unhappy, but bear life,” and recalled her saying: “How would one *ever* get through without St. John and Browning?”

I cannot remember what we spoke of further; but, when he left, I seemed to know him much better and to realize that somehow, for some blessed reason, he found our quarters in the old Moorish Castle restful to come to, in spite of the precipice one has to climb to get to it.

And so, an evening or two after, when he slipped quietly in again, my pleasure was just as acute; why it always was, it never could be more, or less, but I was not surprised. We spoke then of the people he had been seeing; of the troubles I had known about, and which he was healing; of all manner of knots and twists in Gibraltar which seemed quietly to untangle and run smoothly directly his hand touched the strings.

There were personal touches, too; please God they took root in my heart and life, but my memory will not bring them back to-day. Not to-day, when his loss is still new and raw to me as his three days' grave must be at Smyrna.

But one moment stands out vivid as a searchlight over the harbour of my grief. Something he said broke down the last ropes of reticent convention (I never had many), and I suddenly knelt down between

him and the fire, and almost cried out in my vehemence: "Bishop, Bishop, I have always wanted to be good, just to be good, but you break me down and make me feel all wrong from the very beginning".

"Why?" asked the grave gentle voice.

"Oh, it's because you are wholesale—just wholesale all through—and I want to be—but when I am with you I know, I know I'm not."

The Bishop put his hand up over his eyes, and it was quite a long pause before his answer came, "*I wonder if I am*".

It must have been in May that year that Judith observed in her crib one night: "Muddis, do you notice that I *still* pray for the Bishop every night? Well, what I want to know is, do you suppose he still prays for me?"

"Well, Jude, I daresay he does sometimes, but you see he has hundreds of other children to pray for, all the people in Spain, and Portugal, and Italy, and all along the Mediterranean coast."

"Oh, Muddis! How awful! poor dear man, he must be kneeling up all night!"

I was writing to Mrs. Collins that evening, and I put in this little story to amuse her, but the answer from Heidelberg came back in the Bishop's handwriting:—

"I am writing on my wife's behalf to thank you for your letter; for she is far too ill to write, though she smiled and was glad to have it read to her this morning.

"She has been very ill ever since January, now im-

proving a little and now going back again, and I have just brought her here to place her under the care of Professor Erb, who is a very good as well as distinguished specialist. We do not yet know precisely what is the matter. There has been no sign of loss of memory or perception, not a sign of irritability or the like, only weakness, and loss of power, and if ever strength was made perfect in weakness it is with her. She is so sweet, and brave, and patient: that alone is all in her favour, and she has a good nurse who is absolutely devoted to her. But you will understand that we are very anxious.

“And that makes us value your prayers all the more, yours and little Judith’s. Will you give her my love and my blessing, and tell her that I do pray for her, and had been doing so the very evening before your letter came, God bless you all. My Mary sends you her love, I have just asked her.

“I am due at Oxford on Whit-Sunday but expect to return here immediately after. And in the intervals, when she is well enough, I am due in North Italy.”

I thought of Mary’s words to me the year before: “It is just anguish to me when he has to leave me even for twenty-four hours”; and I remembered the deep suppressed pain on the Bishop’s face as he spoke of her in January. “She is the very light of my eyes—bless her—bless her”; and one had not needed to hear it, the fact had been so abundantly plain, and now, “*grave anxiety*”—and yet he was still leaving her to go about his work (Wist ye not that I *must* be

about My Father's business?) and quietly putting the sea between himself and his heart's desire.

Oh! Mary, Mary, I knew your own words must be being tried to the uttermost depth then, "No earthly love *can* satisfy—one must have HIM!"

CHAPTER II.

Now it happened at this time, that my dear old home in England, Eden Gate, was empty and unlet, and I had determined that just for this once more I would go up there, get servants together and furbish it up and make it just as it used to be in the old times, so that Chris and all the children should have one lovely summer, not all crammed into the cottage as we had been in recent holidays, but with the heavenly old garden and dear big rooms of olden days.

So I went up to Westmoreland by myself to get it ready for them.

I drove up to the house in the evening in heavy rain, and as the hired carriage pulled up at the door, my heart quite twisted with the pain of it all. We had been such a cheery party there in the old days, and mother was always waiting with such a welcome; there was no one now, only old Pax the retriever, and the gardener and cook.

I wandered through the desolate rooms one after another, the old familiar carpets stood up in rolls, and the pictures and chairs and books were dusty and awry, and all said the same thing, "*We* are left—but *they*—*they* are all gone". Mother, who really did think the

world centred in Eden Gate ; the two soldier brothers who had fallen, one in Egypt, the other in South Africa ; the delicate sister, who had only died just a year ago.

The sadness and echoing emptiness was really awful.

Next day, Sunday, still it rained, but I started down across the dripping garden to go to Early Service, and opened the little wicket gate to find—no church path—not one sign of it : the tenants had never used it I suppose ; anyhow it had grown entirely into part of the big drenching hayfield, and it was far too late to turn back and go all round by the road.

I mention these details, because it is the little things which seem to break our hearts, and which, even in this world, sometimes work out for us a far exceeding weight of glory. If Eden Gate had not been so unbearable as it was, I might not have hurried to get in women to clean and freshen all the shut-up rooms at once, and men to re-cut and dig the church path ; as it was, I set to, and we all worked hard, and in a week the place began to look all sweet and useable and cared for again.

Then one afternoon I walked across the fields to fetch the second post, opened the paper, and saw that Mary had died in town. Dead ! Oh poor Bishop, poor poor Bishop.

Within an hour I was back at the post office again with a letter.

I said that I knew words were useless, and that he must have myriads of friends aching to serve him, and that he was not to write, but that I was alone with

the servants at Eden Gate. If he wanted to get away from everything and everyone, I could give him a set of rooms all to himself where he could slip out down to the river or up among the fells, and he need not even see me at meals unless he liked ; he was to look at the list of trains I enclosed, and only wire any minute and come.

Days passed and no word came and I scarcely expected it. The children were just due from school and Chris landing from Gibraltar, when the Bishop wrote that he was coming and had only waited to finish some work, and " since he could not be in Paradise with his dear one he would sooner be at Eden Gate than anywhere." (I think it must have been the name that drew him.)

" You understand so well and love her so much that I very much want to tell you more about it. For she has been so wonderful and dear, and so brave and patient. And if my sense of isolation is acute, it is only because she has been, and is, so much to me : for that which casts a shadow is infinitely more than the shadow is ! And she is not really far away : the veil is very thin, and death unites even more than it separates. It is only like a longer and harder journey away from her, but with the *anxiety* removed.

" And I bless God for it all—and for her. To-day especially my mind is full of this : so few are blessed with such perfect love as we, and yet all mankind keeps its *ideal* of marriage pure and holy, however little it may seem to be generally realized. And one after another to-day has told me how our marriage helped them to keep their ideal."

I laid down the letter quite shakily. To think he was really coming to stay with us in his trouble seemed too great a thing to be true—and, oh! what a good thing it was that I had had the whole house put straight, instead of only the rooms for the children, for even if they *all* came whilst he was here (and they all did) he could still have the big bedroom looking on to the rose garden with the dressing-room and its own bathroom leading out of it, and *how* comfy I would make the library for him, and what a joy that the pretty old short cut to church had been made nice.

My only fear was, might not the noise of the children disturb him? But no, the Bishop wrote again in reply to my query. “Please don’t let anybody think of being saddened or the like, for I shall love being with them all and out-of-doors as much as possible. I don’t think it makes me sad. I trust it does not, where others are concerned; joy as well as strength comes with my dear one, and she is always with me even when I feel the emptiness most.

“You can’t think how much I am looking forward to it, but perhaps you can.”

Of course I had waves of anxiety; sickness and grief and death I had often watched, in South Africa and at home, but I knew our Bishop was made of so finely tempered clay as to be hardly clay at all. We might jar his quivering nerves at every turn, and the visit be a misery rather than any sort of solace.

But the girls filled the house with flowers, and the big chintz arm-chair in the window of his bedroom did

really face a most heavenly view ; rose garden beneath, wood beyond, and then the swelling purple curves of Roman fell and Helbeck.

The writing-table in the library was better still ; the lawns slope down in terraces immediately under it, and there is the Eden, murmuring, glittering, singing, over the rocks and stones by the old bridge, you hear it all day long ; and it is the sheltered side of the house ; the big window would be always open, and the scent of the climbing gloires coming in.

Dear old Elizabeth, too, was quite zealous : the tenderest young ducks were ordered from the farm ; the equally young green peas were "just ready for them," a nice salmon from Carlisle must be sent for. Tita, listening, was quite shocked.

"Really, Muddis, you can't think the Bishop will care twopence what he eats !"

No, I didn't dream he would even know, but oh, why did it all begin to seem like an echo of the Great Life long ago ? "I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof," had been ringing in my head, and now, here was Martha, careful and troubled about many things. I must pull myself together and go to the train. The day was clouding over, the carriage ought to be partly shut.

But when I met him all my plans and outward observances of respect fell down. Anyone so ill, so spent, and weary, and yet so utterly submissively patient and brave, and wildly unfit to be travelling, I had never met. We drove along almost in silence. The deep hollows under those gentle brown eyes ; the

fresh lines of pain in which the lips seemed set ; the new huskiness of the voice—all spoke quite enough.

And yet, he was so wonderful ; he noticed each turn and changing view, smiled and spoke now and then, always of Mary, and how she would have liked it ; and you could see he was broken to his heart's core and yet absolutely undefeated.

We had tea in the big bow looking down on the river, and no one came near us until he had rested awhile. I thought the little ones would be too much for him, but he was in quite a hurry for them, and when Judith arrived and possessed herself of his knee, he was presently laughing. She had told him it was glorious to see him, but would he please not do just one thing.

“ What thing, Judith ? ”

“ Not read prayers. You see, Bishop Darying (this became his family name) I *know* it's the sort of fmg Bishops do do, but you see Muddis always does it, and she's very partikler, and I know you'll read the wrong ones ! ”

Children really are better than anyone in trouble. Every night the Bishop was with us, he slipped away early to dress, and I always found him along the wing in Judith's room when the gong went. I should have loved to hear their conversations ; they were a good deal about angels and fairies I believe, but no one was allowed to be present. One evening when I did overhear a fragment I found it rather patronising. “ Well, good night, Bishop Darying (sounds of earnest and numerous kisses), I know you'd *like* to come and talk

to me in the mornings as well as the evenings, but you can't, you know, Darying, we're so undecent when we're dressin' ! ”

But it wasn't only Judith the Bishop thought for. He worked hour after hour at masses of papers and letters ; but his idea of rest was helping other people. He taught Doris about poetry, talked to his “ own little daughter Tita,” as he called our second girl, whom he had confirmed, about all her hopes and dearest dreams ; and when our subaltern son arrived from India the Bishop and he were talking so late at night in his room that I had to sit up to see that they did really go to bed at last.

I had not thought any human being could be so heart-broken, so newly bereft of the love of his life, and yet throw himself so marvellously into everyone else's concerns.

On Sunday we went down the church path for Early Service ; the hush of the most perfect summer morning lying over the fells and the dewy Eden valley.

There was a special hush about the Bishop, too ; his face, as we passed silently through the green dimness of the little wood and out into the sunlit fields, showed how it was with him. “ Lift up your hearts.” “ We lift them up (‘ We will keep on lifting them up ’ was his pet translation) unto the Lord.”

Yes, he did not lift it up, now and again, as we do, he kept on lifting it up, and the old cry of Job lay about the corners of his mouth, “ Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him ”.

Our Vicar had asked beforehand if the Bishop would

preach and I had been strong on its impossibility; why he was weary enough to need an arm before we got down to the morning service!

"Don't dream of taking anything but the blessing, will you," I begged; but when it came to sermon time, to my utter horror I saw him going up into the pulpit.

Now I had rubbed the poor swollen ankles the evening before and knew something of the state the heart was in. The husky voice had difficulty in carrying across a dinner table; how on earth he could preach and come down alive was beyond me. I mustn't think, I mustn't breathe, but I must watch, yes, watch as one watches the dying, lest one miss one word, one least sign.

The frail figure paused a minute, and looked earnestly down at the village faces scattered sparsely along the old oak pews beneath, before the tortured voice strung itself together to reach them.

"And I said it is my own infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High."

Perhaps he preached for ten minutes; it might have been ten years for the strain it must have given the poor throat.

It was a very simple sermon, simple as St. John's. He spoke of the hard days which had come to the men of old and which must come to us all in our turn; days of trouble, days of pain and anxiety, days of overwhelming—*almost* overwhelming loss—when the skies seemed darkened and the clouds hung thickly and we

could not see the sun. "But the sun is always there, behind the cloud, we must try *never* to forget *that*; the clouds may come between, our infirmities may seem to darken all our life, but it is not really so. If we will look up we shall find God is *still* there, caring for us just the same. When I came down the road from Kirkby Station yesterday, your beautiful Eden valley was almost blotted out with the mist and the rain, but when I looked up, there was sunlight on the top of the fells, the sun was still in the sky; our God is still in His Heaven although we cannot see Him yet,—and presently—if we will only look up to Him He will make it all clear."

There were tears in the pew next to mine, there were awed looks on the young faces in the choir. It was unlikely that six people in the church knew so much as the title of the preacher, but a stricken heart was pouring itself out to declare its one sure and certain Hope to others for their comfort when trouble came to them also. I cannot think they would ever forget it—for me, the haunting echo began again. Were there not thoughts for others' comfort even in the Passion, and oh, why did Lamentations keep ringing in my head: "Is there any sorrow like unto My Sorrow?" No—no—there never could be anything else in the least like it. It was almost blasphemous to let the echo into one's brain, only, ah, dear God, what awful depths of pain were in the Bishop's face.

It was very silent out on the terrace after church I put my wicker chair only just within sight of the Bishop's. I can see him quite plainly now, leaning

back in the warm sunshine—never too warm for him—“Mary’s Church Service” open on his knees, and old Pax, the black retriever, a little uneasy at his feet. Pax didn’t want to be intrusive, but felt there was sorrow somewhere, and a lick of affection every few minutes might not come amiss, and at each lick a gentle hand left the book to stroke the Bishop’s thanks.

It was not easy to keep as entirely off conversation as I felt that grievously-inflamed throat required; but luckily we have always been great hands at telling stories, and the Bishop delighted in them, and soon took to quoting them just as we did. My troopship captain’s story of the sentry of volunteers, perilously like sleep on the troop deck; and the enraged naval officer’s kick, and “Give over your orders”. They were given: “Give over your orders in case of fire”. “In case of fire I goes to the Bridge and I *wakens the Naval Orficer!*” Of the children’s consolation in war-time when I grew frantic over the delayed mails: “Never mind, darling, father may be shot or drowned, you know, and then he *couldn’t* write”. Of my total defeat by Doris when I wished to prepare her for Judith’s advent, and asked if she did not think it would be nice if God were to send us a new baby, and her thoughtful reply: “Well, Muddis dear, I’d much rather He sent the new cob a foal!” Of how the little new maid from Bethnal Green, bursting with un-required conversation, and deeply impressed with the beauty of the big Persian Tom Cat, came into prayers her first morning, and I, most stupidly, began to read

where I had left off the day before: "Now Thomas was not with the Disciples"—"Please Mum," the shrill voice was eager to allay anxiety—"He's all right—he's under yer chair!"

The stories came in for meal times; we were very quiet in the long mornings in the library. It surprised me to find that the Bishop did not care to be left alone long, he liked one to write and work in his room as Mary had done. Beside the writing table, an empty one had to stand to hold the packets and packets of wonderfully sorted letters; his pen flew over the papers, he seemed to work with force enough to turn a mill, and, doubtless, did turn many mills in far scattered parts of the world; for it was quite an education in stamps to post and sort his letters. Mary's picture was always propped up in front of him, and there were some verses he had found, which so well expressed his thoughts, that as he ceased from his writing a few minutes, when his medicine tray or egg flip came in, he used to say them over until I began to know bits of them quite well.

She only died last week, and yet,
Suns might have risen, suns have set
A thousand—May's here like a bride,
And it was May when Mary died.

Incredible! We might last week
Have kissed her, praised her, heard her speak,
Who now has travelled far, so far,
Beyond the moon and the day star.

Since she has gone, all time and space
Have lost their meaning. Mary's face
Grows dim in distance, like a light
Far down in darkness infinite.

Last week ! Why this new grief we have
Is old as Time—old as the grave
It was, and will be ; darkness spread
Over the world since Mary's dead.

Then at noon we would go down the garden and walk along the path by the river. At Eden Gate one takes everything down to the river ; the evening psalms, one's love letters, the new baby for its first walk, or the old friend. The boys used to slip down to the bridge for a last try at the trout before they went abroad with their regiments, and when the awful cables came, one after another, to tell us they would return no more, it was to the river one fled for comfort, and thoughts of an Eden beyond the Gate.

The Bishop loved it directly, and it was there he told me of Mary's illness, of their terrible last journey from Heidelberg by motor and train in pouring rain, and then the rough crossing when they had so yearned for a quiet sea, Mary, too weak to turn her head as they laid her on the deck, and his keeping his arm about her, hour after hour. Then, at last, the reaching Fellows Road, and Victor Horsley's verdict for immediate operation in a nursing home, and the Bishop's refusal to have her subjected to any further move, and so, its being done in her own drawing-room. Soon the rapid sinking, the Blessed Sacrament, some hymns, and how while the Bishop and one or two others were singing, yes, actually singing, "How bright those glorious spirits shine," she passed to her place in their ranks.

"But we sang on and finished the last verse."

Finished the last verse! I was growing used to marvels in the Bishop, but I had watched the parting breaths of many many friends, in hospital, in cottage, in barracks, and far away in South Africa, and well I knew, that though with steady, forced-together voice, one had commended their souls to God, to *sing*, and go on singing, even if it were but the friend of one hour's emergency who had passed away, would always have been a world beyond me. Well—he had done it, and there he stood to tell the tale, leaning over the wicket gate.

“Lone on the land, and homeless on the water, pass I in patience, till the work be done.”

Did he think as he looked over the river, that God does set limits to pain? That even on the Great Best Friday, before the moon had risen over a quiet garden, the shadows had rested on a fresh-filled tomb? No—I did not think it seemed to strike him, how nearly his own journey must be over too; and so, presently, I ventured to tell him what I thought. He looked at me with candid amazement and oh! such a joyful amazement too—like a child, “You mean to say you really think I am going to die quite soon?” “Why my dear Bishop, of course you are, it's written on your face; even the most ignorant can all see it.” “How soon?” “I suppose it might be a year, if you took any sort of care of yourself, I don't think it could be much longer; and I should think, from these ankles, it might easily be very much sooner.” Then a little later, “But I must *try* to live, you know, or it wouldn't be right—I must be *willing* to wait, or it won't be

right". "Yes, of course, still it will come all the same, so why not just enjoy looking forward to it?" No—the Bishop wouldn't see that, one must just *go on* he said, and if one lingered over the dear past or hankered for the glory to come, one might miss what one ought to be occupied with, in the immediate present.

Yes—he was very strong on this point; why, only last month, here up in Moorish Castle, as he lay in the window watching a wonderful sunset glory flooding the harbour below, he was dwelling on that very thought. "Doesn't it seem as if the Gates were almost open?" he whispered. Yes it did; I never knew any place from which one day certified another in quite such pomp of solemn gold and purple as it does in Gibraltar; but when I went on to speak with some hankering for the real opening to come, he reproved me directly. "No, no, I think almost the first thing we shall realize when we get there, will be the *immense* value and importance of every minute we had down here." He did not like people to dwell on details of the life beyond; it would be with CHRIST, that was enough for him, and so that same evening, only last month (only a month, why "Suns might have risen, suns might have set a thousand") he was so delighted when I quoted Stephens to him. "Doubtless the poet may be right when he tells us Heaven lies about us in our infancy, but that's no reason why we should lie about Heaven in our middle age."

There is a beautiful old house near us up towards the fells, which had been a sort of half-way house

between earth and heaven to me for many reasons from early girlhood, and its mistress, always one of my best and wisest friends, had a curious resemblance to Mary Collins. I had seen it directly I met the Bishop's wife, and so now I wondered if he might like to meet her. Yes—he was eager to go, so her carriage was sent down to fetch us, and we drove up the long steep drive, and he had tea at Helbeck, looking down from its high quaint windows on the wonderful view, which holds valley after valley and mile after mile of such green sloping fields and rising moorland as only Westmoreland can show.

When we were driving home, I said: "You do see the likeness, don't you?" Yes, he had seen it directly; it was less a likeness of feature than of vivid expression and prompt speech always emphatically to the point, perfectly clear and decided, and infinitely well worth listening to on any subject. But Mary Collins had surely used her every power to the full, and this splendid woman seemed to me of necessity to run somewhat to waste, living as she did so far out of the world; and I went on to describe to the Bishop how even on a wild winter's night a lantern would come glancing down the long steep drive from Helbeck, and the lady of the manor would trudge down to the village to hold a G.F.S. class, which a very scanty number of girls did not even always trouble to attend.

But the Bishop saw no desperate waste of fine material in this. "Think of the angels," he whispered. "Why?" I asked. "Why? Why because *they* all

see her and understand all about it, and call to each other, 'Isn't this jolly? Come and look at dear Mrs. B. going down to Brough in all this snow!'

"Don't you know the story of the Venerable Bede? It befell one day when the Venerable Bede was old and blind, that some boys came to him and said: 'Come, O Venerable Bede, and preach, for all the people are waiting for thee'; but they were ribald boys, and knew that the people were not there, and they led him into the pulpit. So the venerable man preached most beautifully upon the love of God, ending, as was his wont, with these words: 'The which thing may the Lord grant to us through Jesus Christ, His sake'. Whereupon all the holy angels made answer, 'Amen, Amen, Most Venerable Bede,' for they would not have him to know that the church was empty."

Ah well, those quiet days at Eden Gate were soon done. Our dear son arrived early one morning from India, on sick leave. The Bishop was almost as disturbed as I was at his frantic effort to seem strong enough to breakfast with us, and his rapid retreat to bed. We wanted to have a thanksgiving for his safe return, and so next day the Bishop arranged that we should all have a Celebration in the library; even Judith was to be there. I had not known in the literal sense until he told us, that any house in which a Bishop stays is, for that time, a church; but it had been radiantly clear to us all that it was so.

It was on the last day of his visit that a tiny thing did momentarily disturb his composure; it always is the tiny things.

In Benson's "Six Common Things," what broke the husband down was finding in the shrubbery the croquet ball that his wife had vainly looked for the evening before she died.

It seemed that among the Bishop's manifold devices to cheer his Mary's illness he had instituted a weekly birthday present, and one had been a subscription to "Punch". Now, when the familiar roll appeared with his stack of letters, it pierced him to the heart.

"Whom shall we give it to?" he asked. "The invalid up at the farm?" "Yes, of course, let us take it directly the writing is done," and so he did, and blessed her, and listened to her detailed story of all her symptoms with the same unvarying sweetness and calm as ever.

As we were putting away the Bishop's papers he showed me a tiny folded note, which he always carried in his pocket-book.

It had been written in a child's careful copyhand more than forty years ago.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—Will you please ask God to make me a better little girl?"

"Your loving child,

"MARY STERLAND."

Somehow that little innocent note, written by the Bishop's wife so long ago, went to my very heart. No question but *that* prayer had been answered to the uttermost. I thought of the grey figure I had seen kneeling in the garrison church at Gibraltar, so liter-

ally wrapt in prayer, and of the strain and the strength in the face. Yes, God had "made her better," made her almost perfect, I thought; but I was glad the little girl had not known what it was to cost. Bless her.

CHAPTER III.

I SUPPOSE it can only have been a very few days after the Bishop left us, that a purchaser appeared for Eden Gate and it was decided that it must be sold and I was frightfully unhappy, but in the Bishop's reply to my letter about it, he kept quietly to the bedrock of things.

He might have been Juliana of Norwich with her continual refrain of "All is well and all will be well and all shall be well". "I know," he wrote, "and now, a little more than I did, what it all means to you, and am so sorry. Of course, *really* it is well: God is using it as part of the preparation for some other and far better thing, in his fatherly love. But all the same, one longs for the time when 'there shall never be one lost good'. Tell 'Himself' that I think he knows as I do, how much can be said without words; the boy, that I hope he is really going strong; Doris, that she is to enjoy Gibraltar and try to see the life of the Heavenly Jerusalem in all that she has to do there; my Tita, that she is to go on being a blessing to everybody; little Judith, that she is to go on loving everybody and trying to do what her Guardian Angel likes her to do; baby—bless her, the darling."

We had made a plan to prevent his returning to be alone at the desolate house in Fellows Road after his next journey abroad, and after some re-arranging of dates it fitted in.

So the next letter was all about that, with a reference to Judith's latest which he often quoted afterwards. For Jude, anxious really to be the better for the Bishop's visit, had requested to be lent a large print Bible which she could easily bear off ("to find things about Heaven") and read them for herself; presently returning with an anxious face to ask "what 'defiled' meant, as people who were defiled might not go into the Holy City"; it said so in "Reverations". I told her it meant people who spoilt beautiful things, and were naughty, and did not care how much trouble they gave. And so, later on, a delighted, fat person announced with pride: "You've no idea, Muddis, what a defiley mess I've been clearing up in the school-room".

The Bishop wrote: "But that is beautiful. I had not hoped you could come, but sometimes when we give a thing up we get that very thing back; always we get much more than the thing. Judith and Tita will have to help me clear up 'a defiley mess' in the library here! It's so hard to keep things tidy with no time. I got back last afternoon from my hurried visit to her sister at Braunton and her brother at Boscastle, and brought with me heath to make a cross which I took at once to the dear grave. She loves Boscastle so, and its sea, and its moors. Just off to Canterbury for Sunday and so full of interviews and other work.

And Mary, bless her, is very near. God bless you all, and always.

"P.S.—I've opened this again because I had forgotten to say that I am better. . . ."

The next letter that I can find was from Venice six weeks later, on his way back from a very difficult and long journey to all sorts of remote spots at the far end of Europe. Among other horrors, he had had a rough voyage in the Black Sea on a tramp steamer packed with, I think, Russian pilgrims; and, being filled with compassion for the festering sores on many of the women's and children's faces, he had applied ointment to them himself. Before landing at Odessa it was discovered that they all had confluent small-pox, and so he had to be isolated in a terrible cabin, "rather like a very hot deep well with only a little port hole up near the roof".

No wonder that he wrote: "My poor throat is so bad that I must go to the specialist directly I get to England. We shall know the reason of all these things some day, shall we not? And already it is easy enough to see *some* of the good that the dear Lord works through them, besides making us want Him more," and then there was a postscript: "I have her ever in my heart so that it ought to be easy to wait, oughtn't it? But it is *desperately* lonely."

Yes, I was very sure of that, and so Tita and I went up to him at Fellows Road for the week end before I sailed, 29 October. I would not take Judith, although he pressed an invitation; I doubted his being equal to her in a town house.

Somehow, things seemed much more unbearable at Fellows Road. I was to have Mary's room, with Mary's books in it just as she had had them, and Mary's photographs of her husband, at every age, hanging all round the walls. The Bishop lingered lovingly over each room and thing he showed me. Mary's taste (it was most excellent taste), and her extreme sense of almost severe order and fitness, showed out for itself, or was pointed out by him at every turn. The pretty dinner service which had taken so long to get because it must be a special design and must be leadless glaze; even the marmalade at breakfast. "Mary always says it must be the Oxford sort, no other kind is really good." It was always "Mary likes," "Mary thinks"; he never used a past tense.

His Malta chaplain, "a dear man," plainly devoted to the Bishop, was there the first day, and we all went out to Southgate to lay flowers on Mary's grave. It is quite a pilgrimage to get there, a walk to Chalk Farm, underground, several changes, and I should say an hour of trains before we reached Southgate, and then it was quite a long suburban street, and up a steep and a more country-like road, before at last we were at the cemetery.

The Bishop had done the hill with valour, but the effort was obvious, and as he passed on ahead the chaplain whispered: What did I think of him? Was he not surely very ill? Could I not use my influence to induce him to spare himself more? Yes, the illness was plain enough, it had made frightful

strides since August and Eden Gate, but my influence—I had not one drop to use.

We laid the flowers about the quiet mound. “Keep some for Edith,” the Bishop whispered, “Mary loved Edith so much”; and so we laid some on the sister’s grave close by as well; and then we knelt a few minutes, and then the Bishop rested a moment on a seat near, and then, and then, he had to turn away. It was simply agony to him, I know it was. He hadn’t a single personal longing left except to lay himself down beside her; and he was worn, and spent, and weary, and sleepless, and his voice was almost gone (I should have said *quite* gone but that I had yet to learn how much fainter it could still become), and yet he had to turn away; he was leaving England again directly, and it was always present with him each time he crossed the sea, that he might never return, and it might be, his body could not be brought back to hers.

On Sunday, he Celebrated in the minute chapel beside his study. Mrs. B. came to it from her house near by, and it was good to meet Mary’s friend and to hear more of her and her amazing courage, from a fresh source. But Mrs. B. and Tita, the house-keeper, and I, made almost too big a congregation for the chapel, and it was an airless morning. I longed to “keep my heart lifted up,” and not be too over-powered by the aching sense of pain about the house and the almost rasping sound of the Bishop’s struggle to be audible. I saw, too, the fig tree, “like Nathaniel’s,” outside the little window which I had

heard about before, as one, if not *the* attraction which had drawn them to take the house; and even that, with the touch of coming winter on its scanty leaves, was depressing. My Tita knelt, young and fresh, beside me, and not feeling these things so much as the extreme joy of being with her best beloved Bishop again. But even Tita had sorrow close in front of her, for before she went back to school at Bath next day, we had to part, and Gibraltar is not very near when mother and child are especially one.

We went to a beautiful bright service, though, that morning, at a church near by. One of those London churches which are pure refreshment to people coming from corners of the world as I did, and sometimes tempted to think the earth was weak and most of the inhabitants, at any rate in the barracks thereof, and really one couldn't bear up the pillars of it. It was crammed with people who plainly were praying the prayers and most truly singing the Psalms, and Canon Scott Holland's sermon delighted the Bishop.

It was a plea for the beautifying of East End churches. "Do let them have *one* other place that is bright and cheerful and attractive *besides* the public-house." "Dear Scott Holland," said the Bishop on coming out, "weren't those nice paradoxes? and oh! how good it is to hear a sermon. I hardly ever can."

Next day was All Saints, and again we had a Celebration in the infinitesimal chapel, and this time a Miss W. came too. I was very much impressed by her and her capable, efficient way of quietly doing all sorts of things for the Bishop; from sending a cable

for him to Italy in an incredibly rapid expedition to a post office, down to washing the fair linen of the chapel, which she did equally well. And she told me a great deal about Mary, for she had helped to nurse her at Heidelberg, and then to bring her home. I did not know as I listened to her, in the short time that we were alone after breakfast, how thankful I should feel this spring, when I knew that she would meet the Bishop at some Italian port and help him over his voyage to Constantinople.

In the afternoon I had to see my Tita off at Paddington, and there wasn't much spirit left in me when I joined the Bishop at tea at Mrs. B.'s. Her baby boy, and his godson, was a daily comfort to the Bishop just then. Tiny David knew him quite well and would lie on his lap and gaze up at his face in a wonderful calm trance of interest, unlike any baby I have known. Mrs. B. was a comfort to me too; for although it seemed quite natural that Eden Gate and I and mine should wait upon their suffering Bishop hand and foot, I had felt many pangs as to how he fared in his incessant journeys and new places, for he was a person with only very rudimentary views of how to take care of himself, and I knew what Mary had given her life in doing. But I soon saw that this other house and these other people were just as much at his disposal as we were, and with far greater power to be it efficiently, and so I took heart of grace and reflected that further comfort might be thought of for him by other families all along his huge and scattered diocese. One does *not* bear up the earth,

mercifully for its occupants, and it has myriads of pillars.

I am thinking of that now, as I hurry on with these pages of memories; there must be a crowd of far more intimate and older friends of the Bishop's; famous men and women who can, and surely will, write of him with infinitely greater power and longer knowledge; but Browning's poem of "The Boy and the Angel" will bear a human analogy, and I must do my bit, and I want to do it now, at once, while

Still the rose is on its spray
That budded when he went away.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day I left, and we sailed for Gibraltar that week. The Bishop expected to follow us there shortly but was to see his specialist first. The next letter I have kept told me different news, quite what one had feared, and yet the naked fact always falls like a blow.

“This is the promised word to say what is to be done with me. They take a rather more serious view than I thought they were going to, and in particular, say that the wide spread and rapid growth of the mischief is serious. So I am to have a regular open-air cure for the whole winter, at Bordighera under Dr. H., a man whom I like and trust. I shall not be allowed to move, so Christmas at Gibraltar is out of the question, nor preach, nor speak (so an occasional Confirmation is *ditto*), nor walk much, for they say that the slight feverishness which for years has followed fatigue with me may be connected with this, i.e. a tendency long held back, now showing itself rather suddenly. But I may do as much work as I like inside these limits—so there! I don’t think people at large need know all this, need they?”

It was only this winter that I understood the reason

of the Bishop's great dislike to his people knowing just how ill he was. If chaplains thought him too ill to be worried, they might do things without consulting him, or let business wait over, and this led to trouble. If it got into the papers that he was ill, as it did on two or three occasions when there was no new cause for anxiety, the Bishop would have from fifty to a hundred extra telegrams and letters of inquiry to answer.

After this, I had a few lines written in the train after he had been to Algiers, and admitting it "had been severe," and he was on his way to Bordighera.

The next letter is 26 November, 1909, written from Poggio Ponente, and begins: "Here I am in my place of treatment, or rather near it. For Father H. (the doctor here) insists that I am to go into a little villa by myself, for open-air treatment with a nurse. There is a lodge close at hand which will do; four rooms above the terrace, and a kitchen below; they have found a servant who can cook. And I have May B. coming from Cannes to nurse me! Also I am to be absolutely dumb, not to speak a single word, but to communicate with people in writing, and not to see visitors of any kind until further notice. That is fairly severe, isn't it? but they think that the illness has been taken in time and that they are going to make me well, and detain me here. So that is how things stand! And 'in His Will is our peace,' as Dante says."

The rest of the letter is full of concern for a young man the Bishop wished me to try and help, and a

delicate lady who wanted befriending. Ah well. I did not believe in any real recovery of health for him, but I was delighted he was to have his Mary's beloved nurse.

The next letter of 7 December is also full of care for other people's welfare in Gibraltar. The Bishop never dreamt that the extremity of pain or weakness in himself could be a reason for not being vitally concerned in any of his people's quite minor troubles. But he went on to say how severe he found the open-air treatment in the high winds and storms, and added, "I'm not doing very well. I have more cough and am very weak, so that I can't even walk alone. That, however, should improve the doctor says. It is wonderful how quickly one gets used to silence, i.e. to using paper or deaf and dumb language instead of a tongue; and it doesn't get wearisome. I am quite happy, and my dear one is close to me always, bless her. But you know I am setting my will entirely towards getting well, however glad I might be if——. It saves so much worrying if you know that the Lord has it all in His keeping, and that He makes good all our miserable failures too, if we will only let Him, and bears the marks of the nails and spear and thorns for that very reason."

The next letter is 17 December, and is written to Tita at school. There had come to be a very tender and special tie between this sixteen-year-old daughter of ours and her Bishop. He had spared no pains or time in helping to develop her, and she had a knack of nursing and used to wait upon him in all the little

tiny ways which are a comfort, and yet guess when it was better to slip away lest she should be a worry.

“MY DEAREST TITA, It is nearly a month since I had your letter. In spite of the fact that I have practically nothing to do except read and write, my diocesan correspondence takes up most of my time; it isn't often that I can write other letters. I have to do exactly what my dear nurse and the doctor bid. However, it is doing me good and my throat shows real signs of getting better. And this is a lovely place to be shut up in, and we have the most beautiful views along the coast and out over the sea. How excellent to be making a beginning with Greek! even if you never have an opportunity to go far with it (yet I hope you will), it is a great thing to be able to look up passages in the Greek Testament, even a little, and to understand the *point* of the explanations in Commentaries or the like. In fact the grammar of the Greek Testament is, in some ways, quite as well worth studying as Classical Greek Grammar, and at the same time, easier. I have a little Greek Testament Grammar which might help you, but it's in London, and I don't know how to tell anyone where to find it. If you will remind me when I am there I will send it to you. How you will be thinking of them all at Gibraltar this Christmas my child, and wishing that you were with them or they with you! But it mustn't be a sad Christmas for that, must it? We all meet in the Eucharist, and meet in thought in the Holy Birthplace where we learn to be all one great family. If I am well enough they are

going to let me celebrate the Eucharist here, with nurse and one other friend ; provided that, first, I am to shorten the service as much as possible ; second, to sit and rest at intervals ; third, not to speak above a whisper. And then, in the afternoon, I am to be taken over in one of your chairs (a bath chair) to a villa close by here, with a little chapel, where we are going to have evensong with hymns. You know how we long for hymns. God bless you, my child, Tita."

Tita heard, a little later, that this careful Christmas programme was carried through. "I *did* manage to celebrate on Christmas Day, of course only in a whisper, and with intervals of sitting down which are not provided for in the Prayer Book!" and also he had achieved the evensong at the little chapel, and the hymns. "The first I have had for six weeks or more. I need not tell you how I enjoyed them. But it seems to have been too much. Anyhow I have been in bed practically the whole week, but am now sitting out on my little terrace for the first time since, with such a *lovely* view of sea and mountain in front."

When I come to turn over my own letter from the Bishop that Christmas, I realize that I must have been sending him rather a dose of my own bothers. My health was giving way, and if one lives in a foreign garrison town, and tries to do one's duty, the front door scarcely ceases to open or the telephone to ring. And I was horribly anxious about a great friend, unhappy in mind and seriously ill, whom distance wholly prevented my seeing.

The Bishop's letter dwells on my worries or I need not have mentioned them.

"Your last letter of 11 December sounds unhappy, and if I were within a hundred miles of Gibraltar I believe I should set out at once for Moorish Castle to see if I could help you. For I don't like your chariot wheels to drive heavily. They needn't, you know, and it isn't really sad when we leave the bright things behind; no, nor yet when we seem to have come away from blessed fruitful work to the barren days and drab-coloured skies. The *real* reason why we can't do without the season of Advent is not that we get on so well without Him, but that we get on so badly; not that we are so fit to meet Him, but that we are so absolutely unfit to go on without Him any longer, and that there is that in us which we need Him to burn out, let it hurt never so much. And what you really want now, as before, is just—JESUS. I am praying that in these days you may feel the touch of His hand, just that and nothing more. Do you know this little American poem written by a soldier, wounded in their great war? In spite of the little touch of cleverness in one line, I think it is almost the finest thing I know from that side of the Atlantic.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past :
I am ready *not* to do,
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done
And this is all my part :
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

And grasp His banner still
Though all its blue be dim :
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead up to Him.

“ But you must not think this means that I have reached that blessed point. Because it looks as if I am not to have my heart's desire, or rather, as if God has work for me still to do here. I am very much better this last week, and, more, the lungs are decidedly better the doctor says, and I have gained solidly in weight, and anyhow, all the conditions look like improvement. And if so, you know, my dear, I won't say I am sorry: but can I, how can I say I am glad? Thank you for sending me the precious letter you had kept of my darling wife's; how she goes to the root of anything! Now I shall have to think of you during Christmastide instead of seeing you, but I shall think much. Don't try and fight too much even against fatigue, or irritability if that comes, or pain or weakness either: we are not stoics, are we? but Christians. We don't think that we were put here to overcome the world, but we are to be of good cheer because *He* has overcome it. So be still and wait upon God, and make room for the Saviour Who comes as a little child to lead us. I don't often write about this (the special) anxiety, but remember that the Saviour bears that too, your share, and the watching and yearning. You see it's just when things are humanly hopeless that faith's joy and triumph comes in. We shouldn't have needed the Saviour if things were in our power. So it is still the

Lord's business, and He doesn't think, as we do, that that business is to be measured by the standard of a human life. I love to think of the Pope's words in the 'Ring and the Book'.

So may the Truth be flashed out by a blow
And Guido see one instant, and be saved.

Only just *because* the Pope had that hope before him, he did not wrap Guido up in blankets but signed the warrant."

I have copied out this wonderful letter almost in full, but I did not think the friend for whom I was concerned was in the least like Guido, and I fear I continued to put on the blankets. That was one of the great things about the Bishop: he gave his whole mind to your difficulty, but he did not seem vexed if you declined to accept his solution.

A fresh complication over this same thing arose even as he wrote, and so the next letter goes on in reply to another of mine telling him about it. "Strange I had been writing of this trouble just before your letter came. Had I received it I might have written differently in word, but I should not really have wished to say anything else, you know. I thank God every minute that He is there, and that when we fall, we fall into His hands, for very great are His mercies. It is the best place to be, rather than in any world which puts patches on and draws curtains over the unpleasant things. And it is the best place for you too. You wouldn't *really* like to refuse our Lord's invitation to enter into the

fellowship of His sufferings, would you? And it is nothing less than that. And never mind if it does come to you that it has all been a failure; failure does His work if it makes me realize more my need, not of plasters and anodynes, but of something better—*Him*. And never mind if you lose faith, *or what you call faith*; for the very meaning of faith is letting it all go and simply accepting it all as coming from Him, and offering it up to Him again, and doing for His sake what you can't do for your own. You know well enough what I mean; faith begins in the *will*, not in the power of perception; and the will to do the highest and holiest, even when it doesn't seem to touch us personally at all, is the faith that is as a grain of mustard seed."

My next letter is dated 15 January. "I wish you and little Christian could come here by telegraph. My nurse is devoted to children and would take such care of her. And you would *have* to bring Judith too; for she would talk to me, if I can't to her. Did you know that Bordighera was becoming the centre of the universe? C. W. is here with her friend Miss B., and W. B. and L. are coming next month, and the Archbishop and Mrs. Davidson, and Queen Margherita has just gone; and I shouldn't wonder if the dear Pope and the Dalai Lama come before long!" (This struck me as more serious than amusing: *why* were his friends all gathering there?) "Canon Body, too, is coming to say evensong for me next Sunday, and probably the Bishop of St. John's the Sunday after." The letter begins afresh

here, 17 January. "There now, I had to break off, and yesterday was a bad day. I managed to celebrate early in my room, with little nurse and Violet Bentinck for a congregation, whispering of course, but was absolutely exhausted at the end. My throat has started again, which means a good deal of inconvenience. Well, I lay quiet all the morning, sat up to lunch, walked to my bath chair; was drawn to Poggio Ponente, about 200 yards away, and carried upstairs in a chair to the little chapel, where we had evensong and hymns, which I delighted in: one of them, 'Father of all, to Thee,' with its 'Breathe Thou the silent chords along'; can you realize, I am sure you can, how I long to praise with my voice again? But by that time I was utterly collapsed. This tells you what a bad day is like, but there are not so many of them; I am miles better in myself." (I really did wonder in which part?) "And unless the London doctor forbids it as plainly wrong, I am quite thinking of the possibility of starting easily after Easter, and going to some places where things are waiting—Confirmation at Cannes; consecrations of churches at Rapallo and Siena; visits to Florence, Rome, Naples, and so to Sicily, Malta, perhaps to Gibraltar, and so to England by the *easier* Spanish places. Of course this is only a dream as yet. And even so, I don't know what it would mean; you see, when I came here, I could *make myself heard*, but it had none of the joy of speaking (which perhaps doesn't matter), and used up such an amount of energy that I know I should break under it before long. Still, if no improvement

came, I should not feel justified in waiting indefinitely and doing nothing. I should not think it right to stand in the way of this work being done by somebody else; and happily it isn't necessary to think what becomes of me. God can be trusted to manage *His* business: only I should not think it true to stand in the way of the proper care of the flock that He has committed to me and *then* say that *that* was His business! Here's a long prosy letter! and meanwhile I am much more wishful to hear about you, and talk of other things.

"I know, my dear, that God was there all the while when you were doing all the work you have done in the past, and that the Lord was doing His work of ministering to sick and to whole through you. And it is His love when He makes us realize that even the work is less than Him, and nothing without Him, and calls us back to *Himself*. Only, all the same, everything that was good in the work that we can't do now, perhaps, was really His, and came from Him; there was nowhere else and nobody else for it to come from. And we don't *really* need to disown them when we find our need of Him. We come to Him as we are, but if we left behind all the things we tried to do for Him in the past, however imperfectly, I am sure He will send us back to fetch them! And that is what I meant (anent Guido) by a *death sentence* too; a death sentence is only a merciful and lovely thing to them who know *that One* Who hath the power of death and the keys of the grave. What it means is simply that I can *put it all upon Him*, in whatever shape the put-

ting may be. It is His business now, not mine. And I don't *give up* what I trust in His hands, for He cares more than I do. 'God keeps a niche in Heaven to hold our idols.' "

Ah me, that is a very deep letter surely, wrung out from "the whole tide of the world's great anguish, forced through the channels of a single heart".

Our next letters crossed.

"19 January,—I must send you a word to thank you for your dear letter of 12 January. . . . Yes, I know you would come off at a moment's notice to help me, and bless you for it. But, indeed, as my last letter will have told you, I am much better again and all goes well. Yes, that photograph I sent you was one of three, joined together, that Mary used to keep near her always. But they haven't reproduced them very well, have smoothed them out too much, or something. I should wish to be taken, 'warts and all,' like Oliver Cromwell! Dear S. M.! Yes, there *are* nice people in the world. Indeed, the God's gift is to see the good that there is in everybody—for there *is*—and to treasure it all up, as He does. I told you, didn't I, that I am going straight back to England, *should* there be any hope—or sign—I ought to say, of the call? For you know I really am going on well, though I can't make you believe it! The throat, if no better, is no worse, and in fact seems to have got into a chronic stage, and in other ways I am very much better. Only I shall have to pay a visit to Gibraltar to make you believe it! And I am making plans—of a sort—to go to Fiesole for a change just

after Easter, and then, after a month more, with a good doctor at Florence, to begin travelling, taking Confirmations and a few other important things, but not attempting to preach, and, if necessary, writing charges and asking a chaplain to read them. In that way I plan going through Italy, Malta, Gibraltar (end of May?), and up through Spain: not going to any of my beloved mines or out-of-the-way places, but still doing what I can by talking in a low tone of voice. Of course this may not come off; the doctors may forbid it utterly. But I *think* it will come. We shall see. Only the one thing that is clear is, that I am not yet going where I should wish to be: and you know I can only try to stay if it be His will. And if nobody had ever got well of tubercle of the throat, what of that? There's no reason why I shouldn't if He wills it. And, as a matter of fact, there is no doubt that they *have*. I had not asked them to pray for me at King's Chapel or at the Cathedral, or indeed anywhere else, because they already pray for me in the Liturgy, and I know well that very many, both at Gibraltar and all over my jurisdiction, are already doing so. But they are already doing so in a great many places, and I am very glad that they are there also."

The next letter in February mentions that he was only allowed to write for three hours a day, and that even Miss W.'s help as secretary could not keep him quite abreast of his letters, "because it is a serious hardship to a secretary when you can only communicate in deaf and dumb language". . . . "I go on

much the same, but *decidedly* on the up grade with everything except the throat. The other night I dreamt that God had 'breathed the silent chords along,' and that when I tried to hum a tune it somehow resembled one. So I woke up and tried, but there was nothing but a muffled 'squawk' like the ghost of the croak of a sick raven! There are all sorts of rumours going about on the Riviera. How easy it is to talk if one knows little enough about the facts! But the *talking* itself means kind interest, even if it does get perverted into wrong forms. So many thanks for all you have been doing. If we could only see it, it is so far better that a thing should be *plainly right* than it should be easy; the difficult things are not the hard ones, but the doubtful ones. And here, in this thing, it is so plainly right that you should leave it all in God's hands; or, better still, that you should not simply leave it, as we leave what we can't help, but go on 'with a will,' *putting* it as it touches you, in His hands. Let's see. I told you that probably I go to Fiesole just after Easter for a month? It is to the lovely Villa Degli Angeli of my dear chaplain, Mr. J., who was called home last autumn. My dear love to you all, and especially to my little Judith.

"3 March—This is to report progress. I go on well, and have been for more drives, but a voice is as far off as ever. By a bold act of faith, or was it rash temerity? I had made arrangements for two Confirmations in the early part of Holy Week, and meant to have taken them myself, if it so fell out, writing a

charge and making my chaplain read it, if need be. It couldn't have been easy, but of course it would have been possible had it been necessary. But it turns out that the Bishop of Southwark, who is on his way back from India, will be here for that very week, and he has promised to take them for me. So now I have nothing (except a meeting of the Gibraltar Diocesan Trust, which I can preside over from my bed, if it so falls out!) till, please God, the consecration of the church at Rapallo on St. George's Day. That, of course, would mean a great deal more voice. But the best of it is, that it is God's business, not mine, and I only have to serve as far as I can. No, I don't think it will be long for Mary, bless her: she will be wanting me all the time, but it will not be allowed to seem long. Perhaps, when I come, she will just look up and say, in heavenly wise, but just as she always does: 'Why there you are: I wanted you so badly'. Alas, no, that Lent paper was never revised; in fact I can't find it, though I thought I had brought it away amongst my papers. God bless you all and always. Ever your affectionate friend and servant, W. E., Gibraltar. P.S.—Who has a right to call himself, or herself, a servant if a Bishop hasn't?" This last, of course, refers to some recent signature of my own.

The next letter is from the Villa of the Angels at Fiesole on 25 April, where the Bishop and Nurse May and an Italian maid, who was also a trained nurse, were in a little separate cottage. He gives the Florence specialist's opinion (not very favourable), but

dwells on other hopeful points, and continues : “ They talk of my going some sea voyages presently, perhaps about 12 May, and then, *perhaps*, going home by sea. It would be good were it your P. & O. ‘ Morea,’ but I hardly think it can be. Meanwhile I sit on a balcony with the *loveliest* views over Florence . . . and there’s a cuckoo who has not ventured to start for England yet (though he must be getting his bag packed I think), and to-day a nightingale has begun practising. As for blackbirds, they are ‘ nothing accounted of,’ dear things. But I *am* so sorry that you have been so ill . . . to be at home with Tita will be as good for you as anything can be ; but I am so sorry for the poor husband. And you know you will *have* to come and see me somehow. Where, I don’t quite know, but it will certainly be Fellows Road for part of the summer. I have business in July which must be done somehow, diocesan meetings and the Consultative Body appointed by the Lambeth Conference at Lambeth, and if I can’t talk to you, you can to me ! ”

A letter to Tita at school, from Alexandria, dated 8 June, gives some account of this voyage.

“ MY DEAREST TITA,—You will not know how glad I was to get your letter if you only judge by the time I have been in answering it, but I know that you will not do that ! And I know that you also had plenty to do with a full school term. I am glad that it has been a happy one, and by now, I hope, your mother will be with you, which will be good for you both. I hope you will not find her looking very much

worn ; it has been a tiring year for her I am afraid, in many ways.

“ Yes, what a sorrow the passing of King Edward has brought to all his people ! We shall not know for a long while all that it means to us, but he has done really great things for us that will endure. It has been so strange to be away all the time and only hear the far-off echoes : for you see, I cannot get to any services in church, even on the very infrequent occasions when we are near one. But it will not be for very much longer, please God. I am very much better, and stronger in every way, though the mischief is not gone from the throat yet and my rule of silence still holds in full force.

“ This has all been very interesting. I started from Venice (with my nurse) on 19 May, and came down the Adriatic, touching at Ancona and Brindisi, thence to Alexandria, Beirout, Larnaca in Cyprus, Messina, Alexandretta, Latakia, Tripoli, Haifa, Jaffa, thence back to Beirout and here. In a few hours we start for Italy, Messina, Naples, Livorno, and Genoa. Then we change into a North German Lloyd, and return to Southampton and London via Algiers and Gibraltar. Of course I haven't been able to sight-see, nor (alas !) to visit all the mission stations at these Eastern places ; but we have generally gone ashore for a drive. So you see, I have just set foot in Palestine, and looked for the house of Simon the Tanner and that of Tabitha. Haifa and Jaffa have become regular tourist places, but behind, both from them, and from the ship as you go along the coast, you can see the ‘hill country of

Judea and of Galilee' and can picture 'those Holy Fields'.

"But I want to see *Him* face to face, more than to be able to reconstruct the scenes of His earthly life, don't you ?

"I wonder if there is any hope of our meeting ? Are you likely to be in London, both of you ? "

The Bishop got great good from the sea voyages, and when he returned to London on 23 June and went to see his doctors, he reported that they found him marvellously better. In fact, one had said, "more improved than he could have believed possible and if I liked to say it was the power of prayer, he should not deny it ". This, and much more, did not, however, convey the impression of vast new strength, to my reading of his letter, but there were plans for more sea air and some yachting to acquire it, and then he was to come to us in Devonshire, where we had taken a farm-house between Bideford and Clovelly. Suggested visits to him in Fellows Road we were not able to accept just then, but I wrote of further possibilities for Devonshire.

On 4 July, he wrote : " I've just come back from a consultation of doctors. The lungs are wonderfully better but none the less the outlook is rather perplexing. *Both* say that I must not attempt to get about this winter, but must stay in one place, keep silence, and take just as much care as last. I asked, what if I don't ? T. says, well, you might get through as far as lungs are concerned. M. says, you would be dead in six months. If I do this another year, they *both*

think I ought to be able to travel and do all I have done before *except* preaching. Of course this means that I must seriously consider the future as it concerns my diocese. It isn't a thing that needs deciding in a hurry, and I am not going to be worried about it, please God. But I should not be doing right not to consider this fully. Will you ask that I may have the Holy Spirit to guide me?

"Now as to the nearer things, I feel that I want to talk things over with you more still now, but it is impossible for me to get away at all *this* month. If I *can* come in August, I can lie on a hearth-rug and enjoy it. But what after that? Can you come here then, i.e. after the middle of September? for it looks as if I may be here later than I had intended now, and it would be so good to have you here.

"Yes, it *is* empty, but very dear. Nurse M. is still with me till late in this month. . . . And it is so wet that I haven't been able to get to Southgate yet!"

Now, this letter troubled me greatly. I felt sure the Bishop unconsciously saw his condition and his doctors' opinions through coloured spectacles. I never nursed anyone with his type of ailment who did not invariably think that however ill they felt to-day, they would certainly be better to-morrow. And as he wrote of wishing to talk things over (which might entail talking *me* over) I felt constrained to risk seriously vexing him, by writing quite clearly my really humble but perfectly firm opinion.

This is his reply: "So many thanks. No, of course, you mustn't run up now. I expect you are not fit to

do so, physically, especially with the strain that it would involve as things are, only all that would not weigh with you! But I think it will really be more helpful if you come later on, when the main question is more or less clear and all the details have to be faced. Yes, I 'had my chance of dying' last autumn and would not take it, of course not. But that wasn't simply in order to keep on the surface of the earth, not by any means. And it doesn't follow now that, because death would be joyous and yet not to be given way to, I ought to do what might conduce to *the longest period of life*. I ought to do what is most useful, and that means, sticking to my work, whatever the consequences, so long as I can do more good by doing so than by giving place to somebody else. And as far as I can see *at present*, it is better for the work that I should go on, under limitations, than that I should give it up.

"Well, if so, all sorts of questions will want talking and thinking over, and later on, better than now. And I will think of your farm-house and come if it can be . . . and you must come here if you anyhow can, later on."

Again it was perplexing that the Bishop evidently meant to stay *in* our farm-house lodgings and not at a good hotel or kindly offered house close by it. I had never seen the farm; it might have the wrong aspect, steep stairs, smoking chimneys, any number of drawbacks to an invalid; and it was certainly a long way from a doctor, and a station. Besides, the cooking might be bad, and Chris was in Gibraltar!

But the Bishop was never daunted, and wrote: "How very delightful that you can have me! Only, please don't think of looking for another place for me; the *stable* will do, so long as it is near you all. You know I got used to stables in Kurdistan. . . . I could come on 3 or 4 August for a week or ten days. The yacht has to lie up with some trifling ailment or other.

"I have just come back from the quiet resting-place and from keeping myself from wishing that I rested there too, or trying to keep myself from wishing!

"I am sure you are right about that poor rich man. . . . And you know, a needle's eye is a *very* little thing, and they must need some shoving! And please will you send me the address again? I have had out *masses* of papers to be sorted and indexed, and have overlaid the address. And I'm so tired that I can't get through any more at present—ought perhaps to go to bed, but I don't want to if it can be helped. Have written to the Governor but no news yet."

This last refers to our beloved Governor of Gibraltar who was devoted to the Bishop and the Bishop to him. My husband had written how very ill he looked when he said good-bye to the officers before sailing for home, and so I had sent the Bishop his London address in case he could go and see the Governor before he left town.

After this came two postcards as full of glee at getting off as if the Bishop were a schoolboy. "Hurrah for the early train on 3 August," and "Which line?" and "Wish I could come before".

CHAPTER V.

THE children and I went down to Bowood some days earlier. It streamed with rain, and though the views all round were heavenly, the house faced a high garden wall. The stairs were steepish; the little sitting-rooms were very stiff, and the church was certainly too far off for the Bishop to walk there, and alas, the sea was further still. But it was no use fussing, and Tita and I comforted each other with reflections that at any rate the air was quite glorious; the cooking, the junkets, and the cream were excellent. We could hire a carriage from Bideford to come every day, and if the worst happened, and it continued to rain, at any rate Judith and baby would be cheerful, and we could all give him the atmosphere of family affection which he always seemed to revel in.

And so, once more, I met the Bishop's train, but when it drew into the platform, crowded with holiday people, it was a desperate shock to find in bare reality the realization of one's worst fears. He could not cross the platform without help; could not make himself heard at all. The porter and I had almost to lift him into the carriage, and I dared not let him start on the three mile drive until I could get a cup of tea

brought out from the hotel close by. I did not feel any certainty that he would live out his visit. He did not look to me as if he could.

But he was radiantly cheerful in the comments he made on his little writing tablet as we drove along, and quite determined that everything was, and would be, quite perfect. It was: "Ah! the sea!" "I remember this coast so well. I walked all along from Westward Ho to Hartland Point one vacation." "Mary and I came here in 1901." Ah, that explained some of the eagerness to come again. But I found the first sight of those little writing tablets very painful, and what could I say worth the labour of a written answer?

It was a big relief when at last the carriage turned in at the farm gate, and there were the children all looking out for us; even baby, whose age was measured still in months, rushed at once to those eagerly welcoming arms, and, when asked who it was, confidently replied: "Dear Bishie". And oh! what a mercy it was that one was old and white-headed, and could help him to his room and pour out his water and wait upon him as he sorely needed. And, after all, even if he were almost dying, he could still find intense pleasure in all sorts of little things: the sea air coming in at the window, the countless broods of tiny chickens running all about the grass plot just outside, even the fresh-made cut-rounds for tea heaped with Devonshire cream. The Bishop never seemed to know what he ate at other times; but there is poetry in the very wrinkles on Devonshire cream

and its nourishing softness just suited the poor raw throat; and so we never had a meal without it.

Judith's weakness for pleasant food was an old remembered sin. I fancy it was that first evening that the Bishop, noticing it afresh, made some gently reproving comment, but Judith was cheerfully reassuring.

"Never mind, Bishop Darying, I love *you*, you know, better even than chocolate pudding!"

But the Bishop was never easily cajoled. "How do you know that you do, Judith?"

"Easily, Darying. Why, look here, I've prayed for you every night for years, and *I've never mentioned chocolate pudding to God once!*" This closed the subject, as it was probably meant to do.

Happily, Bowood had quite a fair sofa, and a good fire could be lighted directly the evening drew in, and the large window left open to let in the softness of the west country air, and the sound of the sea breaking on the pebble ridge a mile away. The Bishop could rest a little then, and the firelight within and the stars without were better than any lamp. He could talk more comfortably, too, with my chair touching his sofa, and Tita probably possessed of his hand on the other side. And often we had hymns to which he was devoted. Always at morning prayers he insisted we should have one, and as the daughter of the farm had a nice voice that helped us.

At first we took the Bishop for drives along the lanes and roads to Instow, to Westward Ho, and one memorable day we had two horses and took our luncheon [and

went to Clovelly. I never saw the Hobby drive look more lovely than it did that day; perhaps one has to live on a rock like Gibraltar for a year or two to appreciate fully the exquisite shadowy greenness and the foam of ferns in a great wood; but in any case even Americans know that there is nothing quite like Clovelly Hobby; and, to my dismay, behold, as we turned down to the tiny village, there were hundreds of these zealous sight-seers filling all the little street and pouring up from the beach below. "Never mind," whispered the Bishop, "think how good it is for them."

But the Bishop was very weak that day, and we secured a private slip of a field and carried the cushions and seat of the carriage into it, and made a regular couch for him against a rising bank.

As we entered the Hobby he had taken off his hat and murmured, "Holy ground," and I knew that he and Mary had been together there in 1901, and that unspeakable memories of that time were almost too much even for his calm courage. He could not walk that day, even to cross the little field, and he did not, for once, want to read, or to be talked to. The effort to get down from the carriage to the improvised couch was a painful struggle, and one could only leave him quietly and go apart, about a stone's throw away. The old echo I heard at Eden Gate comes strongly back as I dwell upon the August afternoon at Clovelly. Please God, angels came and ministered unto him. But the climbing sorrow in his face grieved me into thinking of my own little son's words when first he went away

to school: "Where do people keep their love, Muddis? Mine's in my throat!"

The drive home went better though, and oh! what silly little things hook themselves into one's brain. Not one word can I recall during all those miles. But I can see, as though it were before me now, an immense cock which came stalking through a gate when we had stopped to enjoy a view at the turn of the hill. It looked at the Bishop with such an extraordinary expression of interest, that I, not realizing in the least what I was saying, said: "That cock thinks you are connected with St. Peter," and my horror at my own words directly they were out of my lips, and the instantaneous and piercing crow of the horrid fowl, quite upset him with laughter.

Those quiet days at Bowood were very regular. The Bishop was always 'ready when one went to help him down to breakfast. Ready? Why, he seldom said his matins later than six, and if he had four hours' sleep that was a good night. But he would glide into the dining-room with as fresh a smile every morning as if pain and he had never met. The truth being that he had conquered pain and then made a friend of it, as he did of everything that came near him, including the farm-house chickens which used to climb all over him as he sat in the garden, and Judith's Persian kitten "Mapuss," who was his special pet, and sat indifferently on parchments for Lambeth, or inside the episcopal hat.

After breakfast and prayers on sunny mornings there was a brief breathing space when the babies

and the chickens were given all the Bishop's attention, as he lay back in a long chair just outside the porch. Crumbs were collected and put around him. It was a common sight to see tiny chicks perching on one of his knees, and a breathlessly excited fat baby on the other. How children did adore the Bishop. Weeks after he had left us I found my baby (not then two years old) trotting off quite alone down the road ; and on calling in amazement to ask wherever she was off to all by her tiny self, received the happy reply in firmest shrillness : " Baby's doin' to meet dear Bishie ! "

From 9.30 to 12.30 the Bishop worked with immense concentration and rapidity : we tried at first to make out-door shelters where he could write, but even at Bowood visitors would appear, or wind, or showers disturb him. So it became the rule that he and his " secretary daughter 'Tita," spent the mornings shut into the little sitting-room, and I only ventured an occasional peep through the open window to see that he was not looking any worse.

The cliffs at Greenacliff, a mile from Bowood, belong to cousins of mine. They are only approachable by fields and a particularly and gloriously overgrown lane, too narrow for any carriage ; so at first, although the cliffs had been my idea of an earthly paradise from early childhood, and I longed to see what the Bishop thought of them, I did not see how we were to get him there. But a kind note from the owner told us that orders had been sent for gates to be opened, and the bailiff to lead our pony carriage across country, even over the crops, and we could

then get to the very edge of the cliff. This now gave us all our happiest afternoons.

We were off soon after two o'clock, Tita or I driving the Bishop and the others walking on in front to order the tea to be brought down from the farm. Such a sweet Devonshire lane to drive down, and such flowers, and such ferns, and blackberry sprays in the great hedges, almost brushing the sides of the little pony cart as we sauntered along, and the Bishop loving every sniff of it. And then, when we got to the farm, such nice people to lead the pony over the smoothest parts of the fields, and then help carry out the carriage cushions to make the couch at the nearest safe edge of the cliff.

For nature (some call it nature, but some call it God) had arranged that ground exactly right for us. First the cliff had thought of tumbling down, and then, after sinking a couple of feet, it had changed its mind and decided there was no hurry for another fifty years or so. And this indecision resulted in a perfect natural couch of firm close turf all tapestried with tiny flowers, every one of which the Bishop knew and loved, and on which we could rest in absolute luxury.

And the view! The soft deep curve of the wide bay, often wooded to the edge; the little coombes running down to the sea, each of which held a village nestled in its arms. One could lie and look across the breaking surf at every one of them in turn, until one's eye was held by Clovelly itself lying like a white pearl in the deepest coombe of all.

The Bishop loved the place directly, and so we

went there day after day. Sometimes a cousin joined us, who rapidly achieving the family feeling, was also adopted by the Bishop, who would say, "Shan't we ask *our* cousin Grace?"

We took books down there, not for work but just to deepen the pleasure: George Herbert's "Poems," Myers' "St. Paul," Browning. I see in Tita's copy of Herbert, the Bishop marked the last bit of "The Collar," which was his favourite poem in the book:—

Tie up thy fears,
He that forbears,
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild,
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, *Child,*
And I replied, *My Lord.*

Then Tita would unpack the baskets and spread the cream and jam upon the fresh-baked cut-rounds, and with some scrambling and jumping down the steep banks would convey the nursery portion to the children generally down on the pebble ridge below. The pretty girl would come down from the farm with the teapot, and make up the fire of sticks in the old lime-kiln close by, and we would have a little picnic meal, which, considering the circumstances, was nearly idyllic.

It was then that I told how my dream of absolute bliss at the age of twelve had been to spend a long afternoon at these beloved cliffs in uninterrupted conversation with the Rector of Bideford, the earliest hero on my lengthy list.

“And now I am forty-five, and once more I am back at the cliffs, and behold it is a great Bishop to whom I am talking for hours on end.”

“And the bliss is far from being perfect yet,” said the Bishop.

Indeed, though I never met any man who was a more delightful, and invariably lucidly instructive companion, the Bishop had a faculty for impressing one with a sense of the awfulness of life, which, to me, at any rate just at this time, was almost overwhelming. It was not only the pathos of the voiceless chords, and the broken heart; or the eager brain left with so little physical strength for expression; partly it was these, but also and far more it was the continual spectacle of one who, moment by moment in earnestly following his Master, had also had laid upon him a cross of fearful weight. Easy optimism died down before sorrow like this. One could not but feel that here was one indeed who had “entered into the fellowship of His sufferings”; and were we ready to do the same?

But there *was* happiness in those picnic teas, and it was always with many a “need we *really* go *quite* yet?” that we saw the carriage brought down to end the afternoon. I see that Tita speaks in her diary of the waiting, as they drove up the fields, to watch a sudden golden ray over a soft grey sea, made by the westering sun, the Bishop sitting with uncovered head and repeating lines from Tennyson’s “Follow the gleam”.

There would be a second post to cope with when

we returned, but only vital letters could be dealt with then; the sofa and the fire was all that the Bishop was equal to after he had changed for dinner and had a few minutes by Judith's crib on his way downstairs. She had been naughty one evening I remember, and sent early to bed, and had fallen fast asleep; but when I looked in at her door, there was her Bishop patiently sitting beside her; he had come to be with her and to pray for her just the same.

Of all the tales we used to tell, to try and relieve the strain for a while, the Bishop liked tales of children best. He told us a beauty himself one evening of, I think, one of the Archbishop Benson's little sons, who, on being told of a brave school boy who had knelt to say his prayers, the only one in a dormitory of six others, had observed: "I don't call *that* so very brave. I'd call it brave if there were six *bishops* in a dormitory, and one *wouldn't* say his prayers!"

But his favourite story of mine was one about an officer's little girl I had known years ago. Her mother had given her a lesson on the still small voice of conscience one Sunday. Next day they went down into Aldershot, and Frida, espying a very glittering tin tea-set in the well-known "Tommy White's" shop window, besought her mother to buy it for her.

"Nonsense, Frida," said her mother. "You have a nice china tea-set, and a wooden one at home, you know. That tin one is not half as nice and would be very scratchy." But Frida was much tried by this decision and continued to murmur that "Frida

would like that tin tea-set" for most of the way home.

In the afternoon I went up to tea at the Hut and had the joy of hearing the sequel. Frida came in, a vision of beauty as usual, and went straight up to her obdurate parent. "Mummie, Frida has been hearing that still small voice all the afternoon!" "Have you, darling?" asked the pleased mother. "And what did it say?" "It said, 'Frida, go *at once* to Tommy White's and buy that tin tea-set!'"

Ancient houses were another delight to the Bishop, and of course he knew far more about them than even their owners. Twice we got him down to Coombe, the cousins' dear old gabled house, and he knew its date without looking at the figures in the deep stone porch; knew how the panelled oak room came to have such a wonderfully carved ceiling, "Italian," he pronounced. "Some Italian workmen were imported about that date and had done some other work like it in one or two great houses in the West country." And it was the Bishop who taught us to see the beauty of the old stone font in the church with its carved rope around the base. "That is to show that the Church is our ship, there are a few fonts like it in Cornwall," and he named the places.

There was no early Celebration that Sunday, and I could not induce the Bishop to ask the Vicar for a special one, nor would he communicate at midday. So once again we had it privately, and only "our cousin Grace" came up to the farm to swell the congregation. We had no beautiful table to use, as

at Eden Gate, but we were able to convert a recess into a tiny altar with fresh flowers and Tita's picture of the Crucifixion hung above it, and if our voices were rather shaky in "Bread of Heaven" and "The King of Love," that could scarcely be avoided, for the pain of listening to the struggling whisper and the increasing difficulty of the Bishop's breathing was no slight strain.

And every day I grew more uneasy as to his condition, and, what seemed to me, the terrible autumn programme which he was calmly arranging for himself. I tried to think that this was not my business, for well I knew that the Bishop did not appreciate opposition as he did affection; but the still small voice with me was not pressing for any toy, but urged that an affection which would take no risks was a poor variety. I must take my courage in both hands, and when the evening had grown quiet, and even Tita gone reluctantly to bed, I would spoil the peace of our usual last half hour in the fire-light. I must tell his dear lordship that, although he had not really talked things over as he had promised, but had merely announced as being perfectly natural, that he would be in Spain and Portugal in October and at Gibraltar later on, in my most humble but equally firm opinion, *if* the diocese were not to be resigned at present, then the Bishop should engage either a permanent travelling chaplain, a good trained nurse, or a reliable man-servant to go with him.

I had my say and was allowed to say it; the poor broken voice could hardly cope with my vehement

sentences had it wished ; my Bishop was not angry, but he did not like it. He gave me a few reasons for totally declining to accept either of my suggestions, and I could not see that they were any reasons at all. He took my arm as usual to help him up the little staircase, and I did the usual little services of pouring out his heavy water pitcher, opening the window as far as he wished and so forth, and went sorrowfully off to bed, well aware that the only likely result would be less sleep for both of us.

Nevertheless, as a letter shows later on, a chaplain for *part* of the tour *was* engaged, and a nurse for another ; but there was a fatal vacuum after that, which cuts one to the heart now, and costs far far more than any seeming cruelty of candour did last August.

When the day came for the Bishop to leave us, I pretended business in Exeter in order to see him safely for part of the way, but it was a difficult journey ; the two first-class tickets were returned to me, and I was told he must go third ; and it was a market-day train. We were nearing Exeter before the carriage cleared, and for all my impertinent advice it seemed that the Bishop was not glad to go, for he looked out over the pleasant Devonshire fields and woods very wistfully, and presently whispered : " If only the train were going the other way ! " I tried to hold forth on indifferent subjects to beguile the time, but the silences grew longer and more uneasy, and, finally, my apology had to come blundering out as best it could. I left the wisdom of his decisions to

himself; surely, surely, he ought to know best if anyone did, and but that I knew so well the influence of his particular illness on the mind (only I could not say this to him) I never could have questioned it at all.

So it seemed best just to admit wholesale penitence for having given him one moment's worry, and the complete folly of one's deepest desire to help him even when one opposed him. The Bishop had no words but "Bless you, bless you," and stood with up-raised hand at the carriage door as the train bore him away out of Exeter station.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER his visit to us, the Bishop spent a week at Ham. His first note speaks of his safe arrival ; of his throat being worse. The next is as follows :—

“ 19 August, 1910—I dare say you have said a good many times during the last week, though if you have, I’m sure you haven’t believed it, ‘ There now, that Bishop has gone away and forgotten all about us ’. Anyhow he hasn’t, and he thinks of you all, and ‘ them at Coombe,’ and the farm, and the beloved cliffs, very often. But I have an immense amount of writing to get through just now, and somehow the chariot wheels are driving rather heavily, and everything takes twice as long, about, as it used ; so I don’t get very much time. It is nice being here, but I am longing to get back to Mary’s house, and can’t help it. I shall be there to-morrow and go off again on Monday to Oxford for a few days. Then, after that, probably next Friday, Nurse May comes and I expect to be in London most of the time. And *mind* you let me know when you know your marching orders. The idea of your going anywhere else but to me ! God bless you all.”

“ 22 August, 1910, Oxford—Sailing the first week

in October. I hope it will be the week after *at least*, and above all for my own sake, for it so happens that I have a housefull just then. . . . But if not, I can't help it, and shall just kick the people I have asked out to make room for at any rate a few days. I'm here till Friday and writing in a tearing hurry. My dear love to all of you."

But a card came to Bowood next day, saying that letters had changed his plans, and so my date would fit in exactly. "It is quite likely that I may be told to start the second week in October, not for Gibraltar, but for Corunna and other places in the north, getting to Gibraltar at the end of the month. It is tiresome to have one's plans so indeterminate, but it's part of the load!"

The next letter, dated 28 August, from Stratton Strawless, is chiefly about my son's affairs, but the postscript runs as follows: "I'm writing on my knee in the garden, in the middle of a maze of yew, the only place without wind. When you asked me to pray for you (in your letter) you didn't want me to pray only *in general* did you? And Tita, the other day, asked what she should pray for, for me. It always seems to me that (1) our prayers want to be as *particular* as possible, (2) that there are certain regions where they *can't* be particular, e.g. it becomes ignorant, and irreverent, and unprayerlike (to invent a word that ought to have been invented long ago) if you ask God to plan out your own life, or anybody else's life, according to your pet programme at this moment. On the other hand, prayer degenerates

quickly into vague good will unless it is particular. Well, isn't it the way out, to make your intercessory prayer bear as directly as possible on the actual counts of life, to plead that *a* or *b* or *c* may be helped in the difficulties which you *know* are there, and the temptations of *to-day* and so on? The end of that is, that prayer comes to be the Godward side of life itself, so that every thought becomes, regarded from another point of view, prayer. God keep you all, each one of you."

The next letter of 5 September, is from 12 Fellows Road, and refers to what, to us, was the sudden death of our beloved Governor of Gibraltar, Sir Frederick Forestier Walker. "It is good to hear from you, only I don't like to hear from Tita, who in such a matter is a better witness than you, that you are so unwell. Not that I can wonder. . . . Don't think I am interfering, my dear, and don't take any notice of what I have said, if you like, only I cannot doubt what is the right line. (If you don't *expect* people to be strong, you *help* them not to be.)

"Yes, the dear Governor, I did not think that his call would be before mine. Now, I wish I had seen him in Town; you know in his letter, just before leaving London, a beautiful and precious one, he seemed so full of visitors that I thought it would be kinder to wait till he got back, especially as he made light of the illness. It *would* have been a privilege to see him again; but yet it was not needed; he is before me as clearly as if we had just parted, as the very type of a true and loyal Christian gentleman. Can you not

fancy 'The trumpets sounded as he passed over to the other side,' as Bunyan says?

"I am much the same, not a bit worse than I was, or better: a lot of uncomfortable little throat-bursts instead of one big one. But, perhaps, some day it will be warm again. God bless you all."

"12 Fellows Road, 12 September. Yes, do please come on your way, before you start for Gibraltar. The house will be empty and swept and garnished for you. (But what an awkward way of expressing it!) And Mrs. Birkenhead will be smiling, if you don't need to be told that you will make me happy. ONLY, it is one of the rules of the establishment that no *welcome* guests (there's no rule as to the other sort) are allowed to stay for a single night! I'm very sorry, but it's not *my* rule; it was made by Cyrus and Xerxes and all that lot, and it's quite impossible to get at them now to ask them to alter it. In cases of absolute necessity, the law admits *two* nights, but *prefers* three at least.

"But I don't a bit like to hear of your being bad again, and do trust that you are doing the right things. You have evidently given yourself a heart strain, and the extent can't quite be measured by rate of pulse (I am habitually up to a hundred part of most days), but regularity or irregularity and such like. Anyhow, the remedy is tiresome but essential, and almost *sure* to help, and I hope Tita will apply it rigidly. LIE DOWN at least two hours a day, and rest a bit after meals. You will, won't you?

"I am feeling decidedly better just now, but you

know where my heart is. The dear spot looks very peaceful. I was there this afternoon. My especial love to Tita. How I wish she were coming too! And God bless you all. P.S.—It looks as if I should only be a week at Gibraltar at present, about All Saints' time."

The next letter from Fellows Road on 21 September, 1910, was quite cheering. "No, it isn't stuffy here, very cold, but quite sunny each morning, and fine day after day. I'm really well, for a damaged article, of course, and not a temperature going at all.

"The man who was going to go to north Spain with me as chaplain for a fortnight, on the way to Gibraltar, has fallen sick and can't come, to his great grief. I've written to three other possible men; what shall I do if they all want to come? What if they all can't?"

After this came a card on 23 September: "That is kind and good; you will be *gorgeously* welcome. . . . I have secured one chaplain already, an old pupil, formerly in my jurisdiction, now R.N. The other two haven't had time to answer yet, but *another* man who has heard of the failure of the first writes and asks if he may come. . . ."

When the Bishop had left Bowood he had left me a cheque to use for the medical treatment of the daughter of the house, who had roused all our sympathies by the amount of hard work she got through, though she was plainly very delicate and was growing rapidly deaf. His next letter refers to this.

"26 September. Why, of course, use the balance for books; it couldn't be used better." (This was in

reference to my habit of taking any odd sums I got, in order to buy Gore and the Bishop of London and give them away!) "I had been meaning to ask how Frances was but always forgot when I was writing. How is she? And of course we will ask your Sir Arthur (my brother-in-law) to dine, it will be such a pleasure to meet him." It is definitely decided that I start on 13 October by a Dutch boat from Dover to Corunna. God bless you all."

The letter of 26 September is written from Lambeth Palace, and contains minute directions as to the care which the deaf girl required, and as regards himself, only states that his doctors' reports were "medium".

When the nursery party and myself got to Fellows Road on 5 October for the elaborately arranged two nights before we boarded our P. and O. for Gibraltar, I was amazed to find that the Bishop was really better. He was doing quite heavy work, and yet he seemed to have more voice and he certainly was much stronger, as far as being able to walk and go up and down stairs. Was it possible we were to keep him with us for another winter after all? It seemed so. But I did not see very much of him during the visit. Judith had to be taken to the Zoo while the Bishop's morning was spent with innumerable chaplains. The children's requirements engrossed our meal times, and the only real stretch of time together was our long afternoon drive out to Southgate to Mary's grave. It was a bright October day, and I hoped it would be very peaceful; but the

Bishop had been overworried by his interviews, and the driver would only make his horse go at a slow unvarying joggle trot, which shook the carriage and sorely tried him. I wanted to keep him from using his voice, and it was not a time for funny stories; so I told him a sad one, using the name of the person it concerned, and asking the Bishop if there were any chance that he could see the man to try and comfort him, as they were slightly acquainted. But the Bishop looked at me quite sternly: "Why have you told me this? There was not one chance in a hundred that I could really go and see him!" No, I supposed there was not, when I came to consider the matter. "Then you should not have betrayed what was his secret. It was very wrong." "But, my dearest Bishop! I have only told *you*. I have been keeping the thing hidden from all his friends and relations with the utmost care!" "It was very wrong to tell me," said the Bishop. And so it was; and though I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, I could not but think how much better one might become if more friends corrected one so firmly. Only, as I confided to the Bishop, no doubt it would be fairly unpleasant at the time. We were out in the country beyond Hampstead by then, and with less rattle of passing traffic and the horse going at a walk up a long hill, things grew more peaceful. The Bishop could quote from memory beyond anyone I ever met. He had heard Bishop Brent preach in the Abbey in July, and taught me some verses quoted in the sermon.

If Jesus Christ is a man,
And only a man: I say,
Of all mankind I cleave to Him,
And will cleave to Him away.

If Jesus Christ is God,
And the only God: I swear,
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth and the sea and the air.

When we had left the carriage, and come to Mary's grave, we stayed there a long time. The cross of Cornish granite had been put up, and we knelt and prayed for a little space; and then we weeded a little and put our fresh flowers on, and still we lingered. The cemetery faces a beautiful hill-side, and the autumn tints were tender in the rising blue mist of the afternoon. A robin near was singing his heart out, when at last we turned away. I do not think the Bishop ever went there again.

After dinner that evening when my brother-in-law was with us, the conversation turned upon various men of the day; on those who had risen and gone on, and on others who had fallen out of the ranks. I recall how struck Arthur was by the reason the Bishop gave for the frequent failure of brilliant young men to realize their friends' confident expectations. "They find that they can do some things easily and so they do those things, and they slip out of the discipline and self-denial which other men have to learn from the beginning. In the end it is character which weighs, even| without gifts;| and gifts without character soon become useless."

The early parting next day was not sad. I was so

pleased that there was to be a chaplain to take care of the Bishop for the coming journey, and he was to follow us to Gibraltar within the month. And, yes, he *was* better—I felt sure of it—and so, once more, hope sprang eternal in the human breast, and we were off.

CHAPTER VII.

A LETTER to Tita, written on the "S.S. Hollandia," in the Bay of Biscay on 15 October, describes part of the Bishop's voyage.

"MY DEAREST TITA,—We *ought* to be arriving at Corunna now, but as we are not, and cannot be there till to-morrow morning, I may as well take the opportunity of writing to you. 'We' means my chaplain, Mr. B., and myself, who are on our way to Spain and Portugal for a fortnight's work there, after which I go on to Gibraltar. We were due to leave Dover at 11 a.m. on Thursday; but a gale sprang up just before then, and as there was only a tug available, and this is a fair-sized ship, it was impossible to force our way out of the harbour. We were kept there all day and till six o'clock the next morning, and then we nearly fouled the pier in getting out. Since then the weather has improved, and we have had a pretty good passage; but of course it was quite impossible to make up the time that we have lost. It is tiresome, because I wanted to get out to Ferrol to-night to give their Communion to-morrow to those of our people amongst the shipbuilders who are making the new Spanish fleet there. Of course we shall go just the same, and try

to give them their Communion early on Monday, before they go to work. It is unfortunate in another way. There is a sort of chapel there which I wanted to borrow for a service to-morrow evening; but the owner, a 'Plymouth Brother,' does not see his way to lend it. So I had hoped for a good long time there, either to get to know him, or else to get to know as many of the people as possible, and so arrange for an open-air service or something. Now there will be no time to prepare the ground at all. But we must do the best we can; and anyhow, 'Why should I worry? it's not my fault,' as Archbishop Temple said when they asked him whether his defective sight was not 'a great worry'.

"(Interval of five minutes, while I held up a little boy to see porpoises. And now it has come on to rain torrents, as if it were being poured out of a watering-can; and just behind the sun is shining brilliantly.)

"I don't expect to find any trouble in Portugal when we get there; the change has so long been desired by the greater part of the people (and with such good reason in one way, for the Government and everything connected with it was very base) that there will not be much reaction. But things looked badly in France when we started, and I don't know what may have happened when next we hear of it all. It is a good thing that the present French Government is known to be friendly to labour, so that it cannot be regarded as only a conflict of class against class.

"We have such a strange collection of passengers

on board—Dutch, Portuguese, and South Americans, and a few English and French, one Hungarian, two negroes, and in the steerage quite a number of Russian peasants, with one or two Galicians, the latter of course are from the Austrian Galicia; they will probably take on board some *Spanish* Galician peasants, *Galligos* as they call themselves at Corunna. All the words mean the same, and Gauls and Galatians too, for one people has left its traces right across Europe and into Asia.

“My journeys in the north of Spain promised to be rather difficult, for the distances are great, the trains bad (in many parts there are none), and the roads poor. But I am to have the loan of a motor, which will simplify things not a little, and on one piece of line, which is British, a special train, so that it ought not to be difficult after all.

“God bless you, my little daughter.”

A short note from Lisbon on 24 October preceded the Bishop's arrival at Gibraltar, asking me to arrange some matters for him, and continued as follows:—

“Everything is so wonderfully quiet here that it is hard to believe that there has been a revolution. But they probably have troubles to come. I have managed so far, but am very weary, and very lonely. Does anybody occur to you who could read my charge at the Confirmation? I feel inclined to ask your Chris, but it wouldn't be fair. My boat is due on Sunday, the 30th, at 2 p.m., a Dutch one.”

Now all the clergy here are good, and all those who knew their Bishop loved him dearly, and anyone of

them would be proud to read his charge, but I felt it would be anguish for the Bishop to hear it read for him, while he sat silently by, and the only possible alleviation would be that the voice which read it, should be that of a stranger, and also be a very quiet, far-carrying voice, which could reach to the end of the cathedral, and would be fresh to the majority of the congregation. So I asked a newly-arrived army chaplain, and awaited the Bishop's arrival in faith.

Another question was, where was the Bishop to stay during this visit? Previously he always went to Government House, but our new Governor was away. Our dear Dean would have loved to have him, but his house was up on a hill and had many flights of steps. Our own quarter in Moorish Castle is on top of a precipice, and the cathedral and town at the bottom of it, and though our drawing-room and garden are ideal, we have only three bedrooms, and they held six people. Besides, the Bishop must have a private sitting-room for all his interviews. So it came to pass that our Artillery General was to have the honour. I had only known General and Mrs. P. for a week, but they were the very people; they might have been made on purpose, and perhaps they were.

The Bishop's Dutch ship from Lisbon had thirty-one expelled Jesuits, priests, and students on board, who were brought on to the steamer under a guard of soldiers, the popular excitement against them being so great. "They seemed very miserable (I quote from his own words now, in a letter to Tita), but perked up on board; and as many of them knew

nothing but Portuguese, we had quite long conversations on board, I using my Spanish where I could not remember more Portuguese. But I could not *quite* do with their heroics, and when one of them introduced another to me as 'one more of our confessors' (confessor, next to a martyr, you know) I could not hold myself in, and told him that I did not think clergymen ought to call themselves confessors, when their own people dislike them so much that they had to be protected by the police."

I have heard a sequel to this within the last week. A few days after landing at Gibraltar one of these Jesuits died, and a Requiem Mass was said at the Spanish Cathedral. A Roman Catholic gentleman who was present told a friend of mine that he noticed a priest with a very saintly face come in and kneel down close to him, following the service in his book and praying with such devotion, that he wondered to which of the Portuguese orders he belonged. While leaving the Cathedral he whispered to a man he knew, "Isn't that a wonderful face, which of them is he?" and received the reply, "*That* man? He isn't one of them at all, he's the English Protestant Bishop." "And if only he had not been gone by then, I declare I should have liked to kiss his feet," concluded the man. My friend said that this was not the whole of the story, for as our Bishop came out of the door the people pressed about him, Spanish fashion, to kiss his hand. "But I am the English Catholicus," the Bishop whispered in Spanish. "*We* know who you are," was their reply.

During this visit of the Bishop's I was almost entirely kept to my bed and sofa ; I did achieve the Confirmation and one or two drives, but that was all ; and Doris, our eldest girl, had the joy of running all his errands, fetching him in the pony cart and driving him about whenever she had an opportunity. But I did not really lose much, for the General's house has no garden, and it was essential that the Bishop should do as much resting as possible in the open air, so when the letters and the interviews and business were over, either before luncheon or soon after, a telephone message would ask Doris to drive down the hill for him, or a cab would rattle up to the castle gate, and in another moment the little green door in the garden wall would open, and the Bishop would be with us again ; at any rate until after sunset time, and very often until later. He could not do with long dinners and constant visitors. But in Gibraltar we have a pleasant custom of hanging a small tin card box on our gates with " Not at home " painted across it, and as the Bishop came in the little box went up. All the rest of the day he could be basking in the sunshine on a long Madeira chair, under the shelter of the old castle wall. A Moorish wall, massive and mighty, and frowning enough, no doubt, centuries ago, but now, a wall to lie and dream about, so wonderful are its greys and purples and aged tender pinks ; so sweet its draperies of heliotrope, jasmine, and tangled chain of the big blue morning glory. Down below one's eye travels over the crowded, many coloured roofs of the town, to the blue waters of the harbour

stretching out to the Spanish hills, and Algeciras gleams white across the bay.

As he came in, and one of us gave him an arm to cross the garden, he would look so spent and worn, I used to say, "Now, Bishop Darying, not one word, *not one*," but the dear smile always lit up his face as the invariably disobedient reply came, "Oh, how good it is to be here! *how good!*" Sometimes he would be there for an hour alone with his papers or books to look over; but he liked best to have just one person close by, he had not to force his voice for us, and liked to whisper now and again as a thought struck him, to some one sewing or reading in a chair touching his.

Often a luncheon table was brought out to save him from moving, and from the too much chatter of the family meal. We would allow Mr. F. in sometimes (the chaplain who was to read the charge), and as a huge favour he was even allowed to join in the out-door lunch once, but no one else. It was sad; one would have liked the multitude to come, one at a time, through the little green door, to spread their griefs before him, and be healed; but there was very very little strength, and much journeying and many visits waiting. Whatever power could be kept in reserve, must be.

The day of the Confirmation I drove down to tea at the General's, and in my capacity of nurse was sent out with the Bishop in the big carriage afterwards, to guard his quiet airing before the service. We only went a little way, just along to the bit of the eastern

beach where no one comes, and he could lie back on the cushions and look out in absolute silence over the wide space of calm sea and soft evening sky. A Confirmation is a solemn day for the candidates; I learnt then, without any need of speech, the awe, almost trembling awe, with which it filled the Bishop.

It seemed to me, as we sat there and he gazed steadfastly over the sea to the Light Beyond, that the last touch of earth was purged from him. I never saw him as anything after that but a sheer transparency, "transparent as it were clear glass," with the Spirit of God shining through him.

The service was at six; the cathedral filled. To me, it was simply anguish; I dared not look up to see the faltering steps which must find the Chancel so long to cross. The Dean's voice read the Preface. The question seemed to be asked by a strained silence filling the whole building, and the "I do" burst out from the candidates like a great sob.

The rows waiting before the altar looked almost unending. I knew that each one of those, as they felt the touch of the Bishop's hands, would also hear his voice, though the tortured throat might break; but to us, down in the long darkened aisle, only part of one word, *the* word, reached, again, and again, and again, "*Spirit*," and the efforts which made it audible, to me seemed marked with blood.

Afterwards, after the quiet reverently read charge, and the almost grating choruses of hymns (so much voice to use seemed rather hateful), afterwards, the congregation poured out into the warm darkness of

the night, and the Bishop, still in his robes, stood outside the east door, facing the open square, to shake hands, as was his wont with each candidate before they passed into the crowd. But this was no usual Confirmation. The Bishop's people, drawn though they were from many lands, and numbers of whom could never have seen his face before, for the population of a foreign port is always changing; the people, who could not "hear him gladly," had seen, what drew them without speech. They surged up to the doorway under the electric light, to the quiet, stricken, waiting figure, for his blessing, and that echo cannot have been heard by me alone, for a poor woman forced her way up through the crowd with a little child, crying: "Bishop, Bishop, bless my little boy, too! he's lame!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE are many other days clear-cut in my mind ; the Sunday when the Bishop was present at four services, to sit by, while his sermon was read, himself a sermon beyond even that. (I am so thankful now that since I could not go to hear him, being so weak, he sent me up his manuscript, and I, loath to give it back, asked for a few days' loan to get a typed copy, and so ultimately, was given leave to have it privately printed and Mr. F. bore it off in triumph.) The delay in the arrival of the ship by which he was to leave us, and so, two beautiful extra days, when being supposed to have left, we could have him in special peace and comfort up here.

Nurse M. was coming by the ship, to go with him to Malta, which was a blessed relief, but when it came into sight pouring rain came too. I could not drive down to see him off, but Doris drove Miss B. up to see me ; it was nice to know the gentle-faced person who was to do what I so longed to do, and I have the note which she brought, still.

"What a day ! I'm sure you mustn't come down in this weather but I want you to see M., and so she is coming up with Doris. Only please may Doris come

back too, if there's time? God keep you. It is so good to hear that you have had a good night. Till the middle of January or when God will. It will surely come, it will not tarry."

Thank God, the rain did clear off, just before he had to embark, but before we could get down our long hill to the dock the ship had sailed.

As we turned away we passed the Naval Recreation Ground; the Gunners were playing the Navy at hockey, and Chris said: "Look, there's your friend, Ralph. How he can run!" I noticed the scuffling group, and I saw the eager, handsome face of Ralph, as he dashed across the ground, and then I said: "Don't let us watch; let us go home". I was so grieved to have missed what I dreaded might be a last sight of the Bishop, the strong young officers jarred upon me.

I never dreamed that before the week was over the boy would have fallen in a gun accident, and that when I saw him again the light of another world would be on his face, and that as I whispered the last prayers Ralph would pass fearlessly "Home on promotion".

The next letter which came from the Bishop refers to this:—

"Bishop's House, Sliema, Malta, 24 November. What a long time it seems since I came away from Moorish Castle that evening. And it has been such a constant rush here since we arrived that I have not yet made time to write a word except that card directly we landed." (And this post card I never got.) "But it has only been the regular work, trying

to set the house going again and getting forward with arrears of letters and seeing people, and trying to take my place in this very tangled life, for somehow Malta is a curiously tangled place. My predecessor used to say, 'Malta is a very unpleasant place for an Anglican Bishop to stay in,' but I don't find it that exactly. They are kind enough to me personally, and give what I say more consideration than I have any right to claim for it ; but it seems as if I had always to be in opposition. However, *si muove*, which is good.

"But I haven't been standing by the Open Door, like you. How good that you were able to be with the lad, and to help him I cannot doubt, and to send comfort to his poor people. Of course we heard the news here, and I remembered him in the Eucharist ; but there was nothing to show whether he had been called away instantaneously or not.

"It was a very empty house to come to here ; Mary was so ill when we last left it, and I had done all her packing and put things away as well as I could, so it has been going over the dear ground at every step. But it is good to have May here to housekeep and look after us, and Shaw is so glad to have me to make much of. And I am no worse, certainly, only very tired and a little unsleeping.

"I am going to bless the new little church at Tigne, and to preach (through another) in the morning, and in the evening to preach at St. Paul's, Valetta. But that (just interrupted by a General to see me) doesn't mean that I'm going on at the same rate.

"I've not thanked you for the *delicious* tea on

the voyage yet; it *was* good and made afternoon a pleasure in a new way." (This refers to a tray and blue Barum tea-set, biscuits, and so on. Nurse M. thought of it.) "And to think of just missing you at the dockyard by our punctuality. Nobody seems to have seen anything of Lady H. yet; she arrived two days before us with bad bronchial asthma, and isn't up yet."

"8 December. I have just got your St. Andrew's Day letter; surely you must have heard from me in a day or so? Of course letters from here take longer than those coming eastwards, because we have no ships calling at Gibraltar on their way homeward.

"I'm so sorry that you should have been so long letterless, but not prayerless I assure you. But it's such hard and uphill work here . . . and every minute full, till I'm almost, but not quite, fagged out. O dear, I *shall* be glad when you have Tita as well to take care of you, for it is most piteous to think of you being so weak. Do rest, and lie down *whenever* you can; I know it is uncomfortable, but the relief of the heart's work is so great that it is a thing worth trying to teach the body to do. And it's worth teaching the body lessons as much as the spirit, isn't it? Else we shall be cases of unequal development when we wake up on the other side, and that won't be pretty.

"How I wish that I could help more, and that we could conquer distance more than we know how yet. Only be very sure that I think of you constantly, and have you in my prayers as well as my heart. And I am sure you must *work* at getting well; there's so

much for you to do. Don't *work* at anything else just now, it's rest time, and even prayers ought to be turned into sitting still by the Lord's side and letting Him speak. See?

"Of course I will remember your poor serjeant and try to see him when I come.

"God keep you; I'm going to try and get this off by the Marseilles boat to-day, by which M. returns next week."

The following is an extract from a letter to my eldest daughter, Doris, written at about this date:—

"My dear, don't lose heart. Rome wasn't built in a day, and the Heavenly Jerusalem is better than Rome. The only thing to do is to *face* one's bad times and go on trying to do the right thing, even when you don't seem to *care* to do it. The slack times will pass if you hold out, and all the bad times; only the good can go on, which is a comfort. My love to all and a kiss to baby and to Judith, and tell her, please, how glad I am that she is trying to be good. God bless you always."

"17 December, 1910, Bishop's House, Sliema. I don't like to hear of your being so weak, but if the doctors *really* don't see cause for fresh anxiety, I suppose the only thing to do is to take it as a lesson in being 'ready *not* to do,' a very hard lesson, my dear. And you've *got* to go on trying to live, and that's a harder lesson still.

"'Will you pray that the Lord will soon take me home?' said an invalid to G. H. Wilkinson when first he went to St. Peter's. 'No. I will pray that

you may be willing to wait His time,' was the answer.

"Your *poor* serjeant, of course I will see him when I come. But I expect you have really helped him. Owing up to ignorance and pride is likely to be the first step, as it is for most of us.

"I have seen a good deal of Lady H. and like her very much. But my difficulties just now centre in the *distance* of everything. It is three miles to Valetta by road, and I can't manage the ferry because I get so tired of the steps. And San Antonio, where the H.'s are, is three miles off too, in another direction.

"I'm not *very* well, pain and swelling in my throat, and earache again; it is not conducive to clear thinking meanwhile. And M. has gone back to her work at Cannes. And there are fussy troubles in the most various regions that come to me for judgment, at Rapallo, and Tunis, and Constantinople.

"And I positively *ache* with longing for my Mary. Well, Christmas is real, and that makes everything bearable. Did I tell you, in 1901 we were going to the West Indies with a little coloured boy whom I was taking to Hayti? On Christmas Day he suddenly announced that it was his birthday. I said: 'Why, Jim, I thought you said you were born in June?' 'Christmas Day's everybody's birthday,' he replied. Isn't it *lovely* and *true*?

"I don't yet know when it will be possible to get to Gibraltar. All being well, S. and I leave here for Sicily on 2 or 3 January for about a fortnight, and then come westward as soon as I can find a ship.

"God bless you all and give you every Christmas gift, and all that He sees to be best in the New Year. We don't really want anything else, do we?"

My next letter, dated 9 January, 1911, was written in the train to *Marsala*. "I am on the move again, so your letter of 27 December only reached me at Palermo this morning, just before we started. We, Canon S. (as he now is) and me, for he is with me during this Sicilian journey. And all being well, I leave Palermo again on Sunday afternoon, arriving at Gibraltar *about* Wednesday, 18 January.

"You are a brick, and it is like you to have thought of Miss W., but even if it were not too late I should not have needed her. You see I don't need a nurse now, else M. would have stayed. I'm bound to say that for the last fortnight the throat has been ravaging like a wild beast of the field, and both ears bad, too. You see, if it doesn't get better, May could come away at very short notice from Cannes, and it doesn't take long to get to Gibraltar.

"Malta ended up very happily, and it is easier now to see that all the struggling there has been to some purpose. *Deo gratias*.

"The Bath plan sounds good. Remember that there is a house in London that would dance for joy if it learned that it could be of any use between times or other times.

"No. I haven't seen Tita's picture, bless her. How good it will be to see her, too, in about ten days.

"Surely, 'I'm back at Clifton, grinding in the mill,' is in the 'Golden Treasury,' II? It was written by T. E. Brown, who also wrote, 'A garden is a love-

some thing'. How delightful Lady H. is. I saw a good deal of her latterly, and we made good friends. I think she has found the city that hath foundations. She was so wishing that you could have joined her in the quiet of San Antonio and those lovely gardens.

"Well, I must stop. This is written under difficulties, on a light Sicilian railway that does its seventy miles in five hours, express; the slow trains take much longer. And it joggles like an omnibus. So I had better betake myself to prayers instead, which *don't* joggle but go straight. God keep you. It is so good to think of seeing you so soon, in fact it may be before this reaches you.

"Judith's 'latest' is *lovely*. Bless her. She will go on trying to make the best of this world's good till she finds that it isn't really worth it, but I'm sure that what she really cares about is the other."

Judith's "latest" had occurred on Christmas morning when her perfect bliss had been disturbed by the arrival of a nice present from a little boy to whom she had sent nothing. "Muddis, isn't it *awful*? Do you think I might send George the book Cousin Alice sent me yesterday? It's a lovely one, you know, and she didn't put my name in it." "You can if you like." "Well, you know, Muddis, I've simply hated George lately, and you know you said we couldn't lay down our lives for people; but if we give up things it was like laying down a bit of our life. Well, I'd like to lay down a bit of my life for George: so I will. *And besides, what really comforts me most is, I can't bear the book!*"

CHAPTER IX.

IT was 19 January when the Bishop came again; his ship was an uncertain one, and we had been watching for his arrival for some days; then, when it did come, it was early morning, and no one met it. He was to stay at Government House this time, as Sir A. and Lady H. had arrived, and so the first thing that I knew, was a telephone message to say that he was coming up to see us in the afternoon.

A trouble, of which I had previously noticed the beginnings, became full grown at this time. "Infection" began to be talked about, doctors were urgent that there was grave danger for children, or anyone in delicate health. It would have been so much pleasanter to lie down and die for the Bishop than to tell him anything of this; but at any rate, no one fussed about out-of-doors intercourse, and so one could thank God that the winter storms still kept off and we could have tea in the garden for that first day at any rate. The Bishop did so love a garden, and ours was lovely then, with literally hundreds of great arum lilies lifting their white chalices all down the paths.

I knew he would repeat again his pet verse about gardens, and so he did, and wrote it out for me on

the fly-leaf of my "Roadmender". I have just turned to it again, and there it is in his clear firm handwriting :—

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot !
 Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
 Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace ; and yet the fool
Contentds that God is not—
Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
 Nay, but I have a sign ;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

And so once more we welcomed him, and with fuller hearts than ever. And we were a thankful party as we clustered round his chair under the sunny old wall, for Tita had come out from England the day before, and so we were all there except Garry, and yes, the Bishop, in spite of everything, and in defiance of doctor's expectations, was looking better, *far* better, Tita thought, than he had looked at Bowood, *certainly* better, I fancied, than he had looked in November.

I think now, as I look back, that in reality this only seemed so to us, because the Bishop was using fewer precautions ; he talked more out-of-doors, and used no more writing tablets ; and because he was less feverish, perhaps he had more strength for walking.

But when Tita had seen him off and he had said he would come for tea and dinner next day and Tita must spend the morning in his study, I knew I must let him know, as best I could, that this was not accounted quite safe by the doctor for an overgrown

girl, and she must bring the writing to copy out up here.

I thought this might hurt the Bishop cruelly, but I had to write the note and let it go.

But if he were hurt, he only showed it by addressing the envelope enclosing his answer "Dearest Muddis," and the note was to tell me that his specialist had said he could nurse babies, visit the sick, and go anywhere without jeopardy to others, and he would be up early, directly after his drive with Tita.

And so my terrors came to naught, in fact I was like the old man the Bishop had told me of, who said, "I've had a deal o' trouble, my Lord, a *deal* o' trouble. To be sure a lot of it never happened, but still, I've had a deal o' trouble!"

And we did compromise to the extent that the writing was not done in the study, and we kept the children more away when indoors, but thank God, he was here every day, and just as much as before.

There was a reception for people to meet him at Government House, and some dinner parties, but when he was here, it was for rest, and so only one of us would have tea with him, and if it turned chilly out-of-doors, the summer house which is glazed and overlooks the whole harbour was always warm until after sunset, and then he would come in and lie on the couch by the drawing-room, and have his own little dinner there.

He was only here for a week, but he used every inch of strength in the time. And his Sunday! Two celebrations and three services; people to meet him

at luncheon, out to tea at the Colonial Secretary's, and out to supper at the General's.

The only speck of comfort was that church did really rest and uplift him beyond anything, and I fancied he had grown more accustomed to hearing his sermons preached for him.

I see Tita has described in her diary how the Bishop entrusted her with his Doctor of Divinity's hood to mend.

She writes: "The silk lining had split away from the stuff in one or two places and the Bishop knew exactly how it ought to be mended. He could sew perfectly *beautifully*. I shall never forget the darned knees to which he would point with pride, he had done them himself! Before I left, he told me why the lining of the hood is that particularly soft, almost unearthly shade. In the thirteenth century the Cambridge Doctors of Divinity were famous all over Christendom for their learning. The Pope issued a decree in which he stated that these doctors being well known for their divine learning, should wear a hood, the lining of which was to be the colour of the breast of a dove, in honour of the Holy Dove 'from whom all learning doth proceed'."

I only drove once with the Bishop on this last visit, as that was a daily treat which the girls could have in turn. But one afternoon I drove him down near the cemetery, thinking he would rest quietly in the sunshine while I took some flowers to Ralph C.'s grave.

But directly he knew where I was going, he whis-

pered, "Do give me an arm and let me come too. I have so often thought about him and wished I could see it." I suppose my description of my friend's sleeping-place beneath the towering great rock had fascinated the Bishop just as it did me. And so, with some pauses to rest as we went down the winding path, I led him slowly down to the gallant little corner near the palm trees, where, as it happened, several young officers have been laid together; a subaltern of engineers, a midddy, a cadet, and now this dear splendid boy in the gunners whose death had left the whole garrison mourning. And, as the wording of the crosses told us, all had been called suddenly, one killed at polo, one in an accident at sea, and now Ralph.

The Bishop loved the spot directly, just as I do; and whispered, "Under the shadow of a great rock in a weary land"; he sat for a long time while I weeded the low mound with the white narcissus flowering round it, and then before we turned away we knelt together there, blessing His holy name for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear.

The Bishop used to bring up some of the books and papers he was reading, and when I did not know some other book as I ought, would send home for it for me. I had Wesley's "Veterans" in this way, and now he sent for Dr. Hort's "Life" and Bishop Westcott's, and as he noted and marked his books, it was fifty times better than new copies.

One quiet morning I was reading to him out of the Epistles of St. John, and asked him to explain,

"Brethren, if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our hearts and knoweth all things," because my heart did condemn me as I looked back across the years. "Yes," said the Bishop, "but you see God is greater than your heart and knows all things, and all about you, better even than your own heart knows, and He 'knows all, yet loves us better than He knows,' as Keble said, and 'The end of judgment' is *not* to find out the holes, they are plain enough, but to sift out every little bit of good, and 'Then shall every man have praise of God'. And so we stop worrying about our hearts; we *are* failures, of course we are, but it was to save failures that CHRIST died, and so we think about Him, and then, as St. John tells us later on, *then* 'we have confidence towards God'."

Another morning the Bishop said, speaking of a friend, "She is a dear good woman, rather cumbered with much serving just now. Do you understand about a yoke? It is always *double*, it rests upon two oxen. CHRIST calls the weary not to bear the *whole* yoke, but to share it with Him."

After this week at Gibraltar the Bishop had planned a long tiring Spanish tour, and he had rejoiced Mr. F.'s heart by asking him to go with him. The very day before, Mr. F. became ill, and the Bishop would not take a substitute. Nor would he put off all the people who were expecting him. He went just the same (except that the cheque for chaplain's expenses was given to the poor).

Tita and I felt that at least we must see him across

the bay and into the train for Seville, if we could only give him an arm down the long pier and carry his rug, but it was sadly mysterious *why* he need go alone, and why I couldn't have kept a decent heart together another year, for then Tita and I might have gone too.

And it was 26 January, the seventh anniversary of his wedding day! We did the little that we could, and we had a wire sent off to Ronda to ask that tea might be brought to his carriage, but he never got it, and at dinner time at Bobadilla the steps to the restaurant were too steep for him; but he lived to go on, still alone, with those fearful journeys by some miracle, and the cost must have been bitter, but there was one unending mercy, "The yoke was double".

CHAPTER X.

No one ever kept their lightest promises, I think, more carefully than the Bishop; and so, when I wished aloud on the Algeciras boat that I could have given him a packet of ready-addressed Spanish post cards with "still alive" written on them to post to me, he said that I should have one daily; and so, to our great relief, every evening one arrived.

"Seville, 27 January, 1911. Not a bad journey, but no teapot and no dining car on the train, and a *bad* change at Bobadilla. . . . I mustn't face such a change alone again, and at night; but I got a friendly waiter to lend me an arm, and there are no other changes of trains in the course of this journey. Arrived at 12.15 a.m., and I am rather a wreck this morning. But there is plenty to do: business about Sailors' Home and Church, and a reception, and I'm quite up to it. . . ."

"Seville, 28 January, 1911. Just leaving for Huelva. Rain all night, and still raining a little. Got through all right yesterday, and I think all goes on happily: anyhow it is a wonderful change from what it used to be six or seven years ago, which is something. Very weary, and glad to lie down when I

wasn't actually with people ; but a better night last night, and throat, I hope, making up his mind to play the game. . . ."

"Minas de Rio Tinto, 29 January. Still rather a 'crock,' but a little better, as who could help being, with all the kindness that is showered on me? It's cold here (1600 feet up or more) but nothing out of the way. . . . I have two baptisms this afternoon, as well as other things."

"Train, 30 January. Such a wet day to come down to Huelva on . . . and bitterly cold. But as always, I'm no worse for Sunday. Throat not good, but earache rather better, which is pure gain. To-night church, and then a 'Social Abscess' (with apologies!) to go on till midnight. Bless you all."

"Train to Seville, 31 January. Another thoroughly wet day, but I'm none the worse, really; only tired and looking forward to getting it done. And so much talking: everybody eager for a few words, and it is impossible not to let them have them. I must remember to tell you of my sick man to-day. . . ." (I think this was the engineer who had made the railway, and who lay dying at Rio Tinto. He had written to say that he should try to wait until the Bishop came.)

"Seville, 1 February. Just leaving for Jerez. Still very damp: and earache at it again in full force. Found a huge pile of letters waiting here: some from Malta, as well as the Gibraltar ones. I don't feel fit for much to-day. However, I have got through, which is what matters most."

"Jeres de la Frontera. The Purification, 1911. Just after I had written yesterday, my delightful budget of letters arrived with yours, and Doris's, and Tita's; so welcome in the cold and damp of Seville. I'm so glad the Mount party (Tita's coming-out dance) went off happily, and shall at least look out for you at Tangier. My Spanish ship is due to *leave* there on Saturday at 2 p.m., but I don't know how much earlier it arrives: the time-table wisely avoids committing itself on the point. To-day it is fine and bright, though cold, and my throat is so far, less troublesome, though I am rather breathless. Just off to church for the Eucharist: can't have any other service as I am alone. God keep you all."

"Cadiz, 3 February, 1911. . . . I have to leave this hotel at six, as my boat leaves at seven to-morrow. But there has been a good deal of east wind and I should think it would be somewhat lumpy in the Straits. All's well, but so tired that I hardly know what to do. Well, I'm near *this* journey's end anyway, which is so much to the good. God keep you all."

CHAPTER XI.

SATURDAY, 4 February, dawned bright and calm, and Tita and I got safely off to Tangier.

We should go to the hotel and the Bishop would be at the Legation, but if he needed us we should be near, and at any rate we could look after him on the return sea journey.

It takes three hours by boat to get across, and it was late afternoon when we went up through the strange old Eastern city to take the Bishop's packet of letters and telegrams to the Legation. Moors and Turks, Jews and Infidels, swarmed about the narrow cobbled streets; and not only these, but Soudanese and Kaffirs up from the desert, black slaves, and withered old Riff women in huge basket hats.

I felt sure the Bishop accounted them all as part of his flock, and would have a sense of possessive tenderness, not only for them and for the crowds of tiny, beautiful children playing among the very feet of the strings of laden little Moorish donkeys, but even for the patient beasts themselves, and the train of mumbling, grunting camels who suddenly came along behind us.

We turned into an impressive archway, and a

white-headed old Moor who kept the gate said: "Yes, yes—Bishop here—you come this way"; and there in a quiet study we safely found him. Very white, very worn, but full of people to be seen, writing to be done, and then a dinner party. "But *quite* ready for Sunday and the Confirmation," he said. And, having seen that for ourselves, we did not linger, but left him to his work.

The English Church at Tangier is at the very edge of the Soko, the great open market. We went up early on Sunday morning and stood at the gate of the garden in which the church is built.

From here we could look down on the crowded mass of sellers and buyers between the rows of low brown tents, then the dazzling white houses, spires, and mosques of the town stretching down to a peacock-coloured sea below.

And, almost at once, there was the Bishop, frail and breathless from walking, and thankful for an arm to help him to a seat in the church garden, but smiling and bright with a special Sunday look of holy joy on his face which made one feel that a joyful Eucharist was about to begin the moment one saw him.

It was a dear little church, so fresh and nicely kept, and the singing quite good. It might have been a nice village church in England, on a warm summer Sunday morning, but for a distant cry now and again from the Soko below, to tell us that we were in the very middle of a heathen city.

The sermon, read for the Bishop by the chaplain,

was from the text: "The servants that drew the water knew". I will not quote from it now, well as I can recall it, for I hope that this, and the five other sermons, which were so carefully written out by the Bishop to be read by the voice of another, will soon be published.

Afterwards, kind people who had asked us out to their villa on the mountain, sent mules and Arab servants to bring us there, and it was such a mercy, as one of the mules could carry the Bishop back from church; he was not fit to walk.

We were at church again in the afternoon, but the Confirmation was just over and Evensong beginning before our mules put us down at the gate.

The Bishop rode down to tea with us at our hotel, and we got an easy chair for him and a good fire, and he seemed to enjoy being with us and to be loath to go, though I rather dreaded the cold night wind for him riding back. He was in trouble about some one, and wanted to talk it over, and when I hit upon a little thing that I could do to help, it so rejoiced me that we had come, it was so good to hear his "Oh! how you do uplift my heart".

As we all started back on the boat together next day, the Bishop, Tita, and I, we had deck chairs and a big fur rug for him, and it was calm and warm enough for June, but before we had crossed the Straits an icy wind got up, and he began to look very ill as we got into Gibraltar, where the Governor's launch was waiting for him.

When he followed us up to the Castle half an hour

later he was plainly unfit for anything but bed, and I had to be ruthless with his friends who came for a few last words, and cut their interviews down to barely five minutes. I put brandy in his tea and persuaded him to have an egg with it, and then I meant him to lie and rest on the couch by the fire while I wrote letters at the other end of the room; but as I passed him to draw a curtain he caught my hand. "Can I do anything more, Bishop Darying?" "Yes, stay beside me." So I sat there, and scarcely a word said or a sound in the darkening room but an ash falling now and again on the hearth.

There was nothing to say; he was leaving next morning, and I could not hope ever to see his face in this world again. I would have done anything for him, and I could do nothing. I had tried a poor suggestion or two on the boat. Couldn't he think it right to go with Nurse M. to a proper open-air or warm-air cure, and just rest and write for the short span left to him, and give the diocese up?

But I had only said it very briefly; it was useless to try to turn him. The echo was clearer than ever; he had set his face, also, "steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem".

Often at this quiet hour he would have his evensong with me; he whispering the prayers, and I reading him the psalms and lessons for the evening; but that last hour I could not break the stillness even for that.

Then the door opened and the girls came in, bringing Judith, radiant in blue dressing-gown, and baby in her nightdress, to say "prayers to dear Bishie".

He held out his arms for her and she knelt upon the sofa and whispered them, the little chubby cheek pressed against his wan face. "Pease God, bress evrybody and make baby a dood dirl," and she stroked his hair as he blessed her.

We had one more moment alone ; his cab waited ; he was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

A POSTCARD from Marseilles was the next I heard. The Bishop dates it "Shipwreck of St. Paul". (This day being kept by the Roman Catholics at Malta, the Bishop thought our Anglican Church there should keep it also, and he had lately drawn up a special service to be used in Malta on 11 February.) "Only a word to say that I arrived here after a good but windy passage, and leave this morning for Algiers. God bless you all."

But my letter, written three days later, on the ship between Algiers and Genoa, brought tidings of what was in very truth the beginning of the end.

"Stoomschippe 'Oranje,' Algiers to Genoa, 14 February, 1911. Here's a go! I've been and gone and got pleurisy, not very bad, but enough to be rather tiresome. I only knew *quite* certainly yesterday, when I came on board the ship, and lunched, and found myself next to the doctor, a nice broad Hollander, who talks English like a Briton. I happened to cough, a bad one that regularly tied me in a knot, and he said he'd like to examine me afterwards, if I had no objection. He at once said that I had pleurisy, not very bad, and improving, but as it's cold, and the

wind piercing, I am C.B. (confined to barracks), or rather to quite a decent cabin till we get to Genoa (I lay low about the throat).

“ But the fact is, that I had already diagnosed it myself . . . and it has only been by relaxing or collapsing directly I was by myself, that I have got through. First I used mustard leaves, and then began diligently painting with iodine, etc., and so, as you see, it’s better. Fortunately this boat is before its time, so we ought to reach Genoa on Wednesday morning, and I needn’t go on to Venice till Friday, so I shall go straight to a comfortable hotel in Genoa and lie low till then. Of course if this doctor insists upon it, I must see another there, there are one or two decent ones, but I don’t think he will. Only I shall have to be careful still, and keep warm, which alas, on board ship, means avoiding the deck, the only place which is tolerable. The doctor can’t make out how I went on working. I tell him that we are not accustomed to stop working when it hurts, and that as I have no voice just now, I couldn’t cry out! But ‘honest injun,’ I think it’s under control now, and I shall be able to get through to the Embassy at Constantinople by 25 February. And that will be a safe address till 20 March or thereabouts, though I shall be moving about a good deal between whiles. . . . God bless you always.”

In his next letter, the Bishop refers to my having wished to go home to see a dying sister-in-law. He always felt for all our griefs and prayed for our dear ones, no matter how many other urgent needs were before him.

"British Embassy, Constantinople, 27 February, 1911. It is good to have your *first* letter here, and now, others from you all. And I do wonder whether you have set off for England again. It doesn't sound very good for you, but others will be thinking of that, and we have a right to believe when we do our best, that the Lord ordereth a good woman's stayings as well as her goings.

"I have had rather a hard time. At Genoa I bettered enough to decide that it was right to go on, not back, but did not venture to tell M. (his nurse at Cannes) till I was out of reach, lest she should throw up whatever case she was nursing and come and look after me. Since that I haven't been nearly so well, and though it was fine and not really cold at sea, I had rather a bad time. Night after night in a bunk, sleepless and coughing and choking isn't good. C. W. turned up at Ancona and is a brick. Now I'm here in comfort, and am trying to do what is best for me, and generally lying about. I'm due to start for Odessa for a short visit on Thursday (Bucharest postponed) but may put it off if I'm not up to it, or if the news speaks of *too* much ice and snow there.

"Even a little pleurisy is a severe pain, isn't it? I'm reading William James's 'Psychology,' and find him discussing how many distinct sensations one can experience at identically the same moment, whether only one, or two, or three. He's wrong anyhow, for part of the time there were six distinct pains all going at once—throat in two places, both ears, and back, and front; of course now and then they got a bit

mixed. . . . Now the pains are better, but I'm breathless and coughing . . . perhaps that's only temporary.

"Anyhow I stand to win, for the worst of it seems over, and if it isn't *the Other is far better*.

"And you are not to let the thought of it make you anxious or sad, my dear. We all stand to win anyhow, if only we try to be good; for He will not let us get our deserts.

"When this 'tyranny is overpast' we shall see whether I am back to my ordinary level, or whether it has done any permanent damage; of course it is impossible to tell yet.

"How good of you to let me see your dear little Baptist saint's letter (a missionary in Marrakesh); that does one good. And to share the watching and praying for your sister-in-law. God bless and keep you all. I'll write again, if it's only a card, in a day or two."

"British Embassy, Constantinople, 2 March, 1911. How wonderful of you! Here was I thinking that there could be no letters for a long time, and lo and behold, a bundle forwarded from England, and in it yours of 9 February. I *was* glad to have it, and so very glad to know how you had enjoyed Bishop Westcott's 'Life'.

"You see he was so wonderful that nobody could do him justice, and we were all disappointed with A. Westcott's book, both for its lack of his best letters, etc., and in other ways.

"But I doubt we did injustice to it; he was not

writing for us, but for those who did not know. And it is plain, from what you say, that he (A. W.) *did* reveal, and far more than I had realized.

"He always stands out before one, not only as prophet and teacher, but as a great man above all I have ever known, with the greatness that comes from putting first things first and caring for what really matters.

"An animal is really far greater than a man, as a rule, in that he is a far finer animal than we are fine men. A lion, for instance, is so, eminently. You may call it self-centred, but it is really heart and soul absorbed in *lionitude*, whereas most of us are only playing, more or less, at the things which really *count*, and which are of the very essence of our nature. Do you know what I mean? He was strangely lionlike at times. I fancy Archbishop Benson speaks of it when he was answering the questions as a Bishop-elect. Those marvellous questions which stand out in one's memory always as an ideal, and, alas! a measuring rod, to show how poor are we who watch for the Chief Shepherd of the sheep."

"4 March. I'm going on in bed, for my chill hasn't passed away, nor the pains yet. In fact the difficulty of breathing got worse two nights ago, and the oppression, and the embassy doctor here has put me on a nourishing and sustaining diet of oxygen and milky food. Between them, and above all the oxygen, they have done wonders already, and I had no suffocating (except a little bit) last night, and actually two hours of proper sleep, the first I have had excepting

uneasy dosing, ending up in a choke, for over a week. I have a nurse for these nights, but the doctor says I *really* ought to be ready for work again in three or four days.

"Only it plainly means that I must knock off and lie about again, as soon as the opportunity occurs, and I can get back nearer to Cannes. And meanwhile poor M. has been ill too (at Cannes) with really bad pleurisy. She has been in bed for a fortnight, and although she is up again she is evidently far from well still.

"I wanted to write more about Bishop Westcott, but that has all gone *into* my head. At least, I hope the prayers we can't pray in detail because we are too tired, and the thoughts that get dispersed when temperatures go up, or pain comes, don't really fly away; they only sink in and go by some safer road, please God.

"May He keep you all. Ever your loving W. E., Gibraltar.

"P.S.—Just for a little while when I was choking and suffocating the other night it did seem as if I might wake on the other side; but it has pleased God that it should not be so."

The next letter is one written to congratulate Tita on having passed her London Matriculation Examination.

"Bed, 6 March. MY DEAREST TITA,—Your letter with the news of the examination has just come, so I must write a word to you to say how glad I am. I feel as proud as if I had done it myself! Of course

honours would have been better still, but with the London method there is a good deal of arbitrary chance about that. . . .

“I’m still in bed, not allowed to see anybody or write much, with a night nurse and everything done for me, and living on oxygen + slops. But the lungs and bronchial tubes are gradually clearing, and I don’t choke half as much, and the heart is getting back its tone, and I hope to be up by Saturday and allowed to confirm next Sunday. It is, of course, the result of a severe and long-suppressed chill, but the embassy doctor says I ought to regard it, not as an extraordinary thing, but as an acute state of what I have to think of as chronic, if you see what that means. Muddis will, and I think you will.

“Your day at Algeciras must have been lovely, and the bull-ring after all has such messages; its own natural beauty and the very picture of the place of most early Christian martyrdoms. Only it’s the poor animals who suffer now, and we who persecute without the same excuse as they who did it then.

“My dear love to you all, and God bless you, little daughter.

“I’m so glad you have learned to *skip* in reading; it is a real and great gift *provided that you have already learned to read conscientiously, as you have.* Sometimes people do it who haven’t; then it is a wicked habit!”

After this letter I only received post cards, one every alternate evening up to the evening of 26 March.

The post cards were as follows:—

"7 March, 1911. Only a word to say that all goes well. Not very good nights, but I no longer *stop breathing* instead of *breathing*, as if it were the most natural thing to do. And we hope that I shall be up in three or four days, all being well. Will you tell Tita that *of course* I want to give her her Greek Testament? God bless you all."

"Constantinople, 9 March, 1911. Yours has just come with the news of the setting free of your 'Bertie' (my sister-in-law). I thank God for you and make remembrance of her. But I'm so sorry to hear that you are *back* again, and that it is a little owing to being naughty, climbing up the front of the house when you were forbidden to go upstairs" (this refers to my walking up a hill, by a side way). "Rest, rest, rest; it is always right to accept what comes, but it is even righter to remember that this ailment need not go on, and so my right attitude to it is, that it ought not. Not quite so well to-day, heart trouble in the night (pot and kettle?) but I think it owing to chill. . . . I don't think bed all day is doing me any more good now, and I'm going to ask to be allowed up, of course keeping my room. I ought to sleep better so, and I think, breathe better, too. Promoted to chicken, still oxygen."

"Saturday, 11 March, 1911. Getting on slowly: but to-day I have taken the bull by the horns and insisted on sitting up for a time. And although I am very weak the change of position, and the 'natural massage' of a new position is doing good. The second lung is nearly cleared now, and the heart is

giving most difficulty, with cough. And please God I hope to confirm on Monday! God be with you all, W. E. G."

"13 March, 1911. Only a word to say that all goes well. I have sat up again, and to-day I am actually going to hold this wonderful Confirmation here (you remember), God willing. I'm going to be carried down, taken through the open streets in a carriage and then through the lanes of Pera in a *sedan chair* to church: and there are nearly thirty candidates in all. Isn't it splendid? But I shall be rather a wretched sort of Bishop, can hardly sit up straight, still less walk in procession without an arm, whilst how I am to get up the steps (it is a lofty choir) this deponent knoweth not. But it will be all cared for, and this card will not be posted till after we get back to the embassy, if I can arrange it so. Blessings with you all, W. E. G."

After this, a post card came for Doris.

"Constantinople, 14 March, 1911. It's only a skimpy return for a letter, isn't it? to send you one of my post cards. But although everything went well yesterday and I appreciated the eighteenth century feel of being carried through the streets in a sedan chair, it was a very fatiguing day, and to-day my breathing is in a poor state and I am being dosed with oxygen, etc.

"Still, it is done, and is a new point to start convalescing from on a higher level. Yesterday cold and dreary, to-day a warm sun. Admiral Poë is here, and from my window I see the Turkish fleet, decorated in his honour. God bless you all,"

And then I had two more.

"Yours of 8 March just received. Poor brave heroine of Helbeck! I'm not getting up at all to-day, having had a poor night, but hope to be all the better for it to-morrow. God keep you, W. E. G."

"Constantinople, 18 March, 1911. A word to say that I am slowly getting back strength and hope to leave here on Thursday via Smyrna and other places for Naples. This last is a change of plans made necessary by the fact of quarantine difficulties. It *has* been a long slow business, and I trust that the sea will be kind, for although I shall have a nurse with me to Naples, I am still very helpless. *All* good be with you all. Ever your loving, W. E. G."

I had felt sure that Confirmation would be held, if the Bishop were carried in his bed to the church. I knew he would try to force a rally, once that was done, and try to get off nearer home to his dear Nurse M. He always said that he should start home directly he felt the end was near, home, to be laid beside Mary. And so, I should have been prepared, but one never is prepared.

I was writing to him on the morning of the 25th, and Tita left me to answer the telephone bell in the hall. I heard a sound of flying feet. She rushed back, wide eyed and stricken.

"Muddis! Oh Muddis! The Bishop! He is dead! He died at sea, off Smyrna."

"All the trumpets had sounded as he passed over to the other side."

ADDENDA.

“ENGLAND, *June*, 1911.

“DEAR MEN AND WOMEN WHO LOVED THE BISHOP,—You will not mind, if you have read thus far, a few words from the woman who put her knowledge of him down on paper for your sakes, and I can tell you a little more, from hearsay, of how he fought his fight to the very end.

“His friends at Constantinople besought him not to leave, but he could not be persuaded. Was there not a Confirmation waiting for him to take at Smyrna? and was not every plunge of the ship a plunge nearer England and his wife’s grave?

“And so, on the afternoon of 23 March, he was carried on board, and steadfastly bid them all good-bye.

“Kind Lady L. had seen to it that he had a hospital nurse to go with him as far as Naples; but the journey was shorter than that. Our Bishop sat up for the evening meal, and before he lay down for the night he asked his nurse to unpack his robes and lay them out on the other berth in the cabin, in readiness for landing in them and going direct to the Confirmation, for the ship was only to wait a short time

"But the breathing became worse, and the nurse grew uneasy and presently felt his pulse. He looked up at her (can't you see the kind, gentle look, and hear the broken whisper? I can) and said:—

"‘Don't be anxious. I only want to rest a little. Bless you.’ And then he sank away gently in his sleep. Once he murmured something to himself and nurse thought she caught the words: ‘The fellowship of loneliness’.

"That was so likely, for it was his constant thought, the sharing and *the fellowship* of CHRIST's sufferings; and if, as his weakness so rapidly increased, it came to him that this was the end, he would know that his heart's desire to reach England was not to be, and he would willingly drink that last bitter drop of his cup of suffering, just as he had willingly drunk the slow-poured draught from the first.

"It was early morning and the hills of Smyrna were coming into sight when the last breath released his valiant spirit, and the Bishop went home to God.

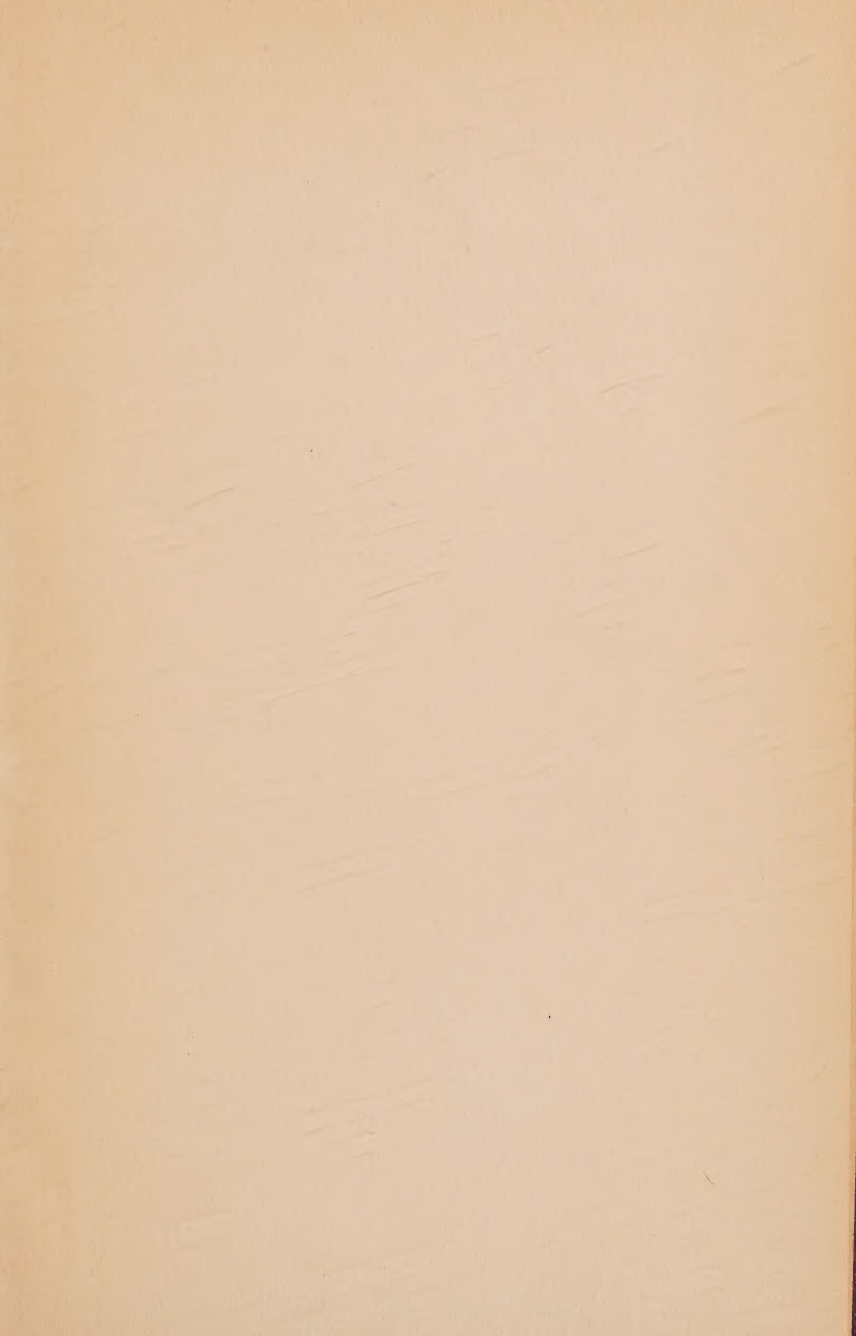
"Dear men and women along the Mediterranean, life isn't very easy, is it? And sometimes it seems so very long ago that God's own Son came down from Heaven to show us how to live it.

"But never again can you and I think that to ‘walk with Christ,’ day in and day out, on toilsome journeys or in dreary quarters, in sickness or in heavy work, in poverty or in *heart break*, cannot still be done. *For the Bishop did it.*

"You could not look at him, now could you? and not ‘take knowledge of him that he had been with

JESUS'. That was why we all loved him so. We could not help but love him.

"And he would have laid down his life for any single one of you. Our Blessed Lord did. So did the Bishop."



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William, Bishop of Gibraltar

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AUTHOR

"We bless The holy name..."

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